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Selections.

THE [illegible] DEBATE IN CONGRESS.

(*Concluded.*)

Mr. *Bayly*, of Virginia, had designed, when he came here this morning, to discuss this great question of privilege, but it had been so satisfactorily and conclusively argued by the gentleman from Kentucky, (Mr. Thompson,) that he should not attempt to add anything to that gentleman's argument. But he meant to present a second view of the subject which he had at the same time had in contemplation. Conceding the right of this House to pass this resolution, he desired to show that the conduct of the person who was said to have been menaced had brought this evil, such as it was, upon himself, and consequently, admitting the jurisdiction of this House, it was not becoming in them to exercise it. What such persons suffered was the legitimate consequence of their own conduct, and for them he had not the slightest sympathy.

He desired to show, and unless he had greatly mistaken the force of evidence he should succeed in the attempt, that the agitation of this subject, out of which all this mischief had grown in this case and in this House, was occasioned by the instrumentality of a foreign nation, which was prompted by selfish views to aim a deadly blow at not only the prosperity, but the very existence of this country. The House might suppose that this was a broad assertion, but he pledged himself to prove its truth. He repeated that this abolition movement in the North, which had grown up until it had assumed so fearful a character, was the prompting of the British nation, and the Abolitionists here are but the instruments of another nation in its aggressions on us. Gentlemen might regard it as a bold assertion, but he was prepared to establish it, and he desired now to do it the more that the North rather than the South might see the testimony. They all knew that for more than two centuries there was no nation on the face of the earth that clung so tenaciously to the Slave-Trade and to Slavery as the British Government. Down to as late a period as 1776 a motion was made in the British Parliament, by a Mr. David Hartley, to inquire into the propriety of abolishing the Slave-Trade, and his resolution was not even considered; for at that time nobody in Great Britain aimed at the abolition of Slavery, and very few of that of the Slave-Trade. The British Parliament would not even consider it. At a period much later than that—in the year 1824—Mr. Canning, as a Minister of the Crown, said in the British Parliament, that if he were asked which he would prefer, permanent slavery or immediate abolition, he would answer, that he would prefer things remaining as they were. And he gave as a reason for preferring permanent slavery to immediate emancipation, the incapacity of the negro to enjoy, from the want of mental and moral cultivation, the sweets of liberty; and his duty to guard the interests of those who, by no fault of their own, by inheritance, by accident, by encouragement of repeated acts of the Legislature, find their property invested in a concern exposed to innumerable hazards and difficulties which do not belong to property of another character, such as, if they had their option, as their ancestors had, they doubtless would have preferred.

At that time the doctrine of Mr. Canning was the doctrine of the English nation. But how stand matters now? A change in the physical condition of England took place, and they abolished in the first instance the Slave-Trade, and secondly, Slavery itself; but, as he should show by historical facts, they abolished it with no views of philanthropy, but to promote their own selfish interests. After the abolition of Slavery by England, then commenced this agitation here on the same subject. Prior to 1832—prior to the abolition of Slavery in the West Indies—there was no agitation here. It was true that some peaceable, quiet Quakers would sometimes send their petitions to Congress, but they were quietly laid on the table by the concurrence of both North and South, and there was no excitement whatever. But at that time there was raised in the British Parliament a Committee on the subject of Slavery, and the following question was propounded by that Committee to Mr. Ogden, the American Consul at Liverpool:

> If you could suppose that the slaves of Louisiana were generally able to read, and that angry discussions perpetually took place in Congress on the subject of their liberation, which discussions, by means of reading, were made known to the slaves of Louisiana, do you think that with safety the state of slavery could endure there?

The result of the answer of Mr. Ogden to this question of the British Parliament was seen in the World's Convention. It was not till after that time that the agitation of the question of Slavery commenced here by emissaries of a foreign Government; and in 1840 the World's Convention was held in London, consisting of 493 delegates from every part of the world. The United States in particular was represented, and in that Convention the attention of the British nation was drawn to the abolition of Slavery here. He should show with what views and purposes they desired to abolish it here. In reply to a question how Englishmen could affect Slavery in the Southern States of this Union, they were told that the Abolitionists of the United States demanded the aid of public opinion, of the religious and literary influence of England. How this literary influence was to be brought to bear he need not inform this House. Under the operation of our copy-right laws the trash of the English press is circulated throughout the country, to the exclusion of everything else. And he was not left by the Convention to conjecture how the religious influence of England was to operate. He quoted from a minute account of the proceedings of the Convention the following:

> The Rev. John Angell James brought up from one of the Committees a series of resolutions on Church discipline as connected with Slavery. These resolutions, which were unanimously adopted after an animated debate, are grounded on the recognition of the "essential sinfulness of Slavery." They declare that it is the incumbent duty of Christian communities to separate slaveholders from their communion; and that Christians ought to have no fellowship with slaveholders. This bow, they say, is not drawn at a venture, but with sure aim at the very heart of the monster. Drive out American Slavery from the presence of the sanctuary, and its doom is sealed.

That was one of the means by which the World's Convention said that Slavery could be operated upon here, by appealing to the Church; and that appeal had, as the House knew, to a great extent been answered. But there was a third and still more efficient means suggested. It was that persons should be got into Congress from the non-slaveholding States to keep up the agitation, the effect of which would lead to emancipation, either quietly or by force. It was but a short time after the period of the question to Mr. Ogden before we found persons on this floor, ready to carry out this unhallowed purpose.

Now, he wished to show, and he anxiously desired the attention of the North to the subject, what were the motives of the British Government in this. He undertook to assert that it was aimed at the destruction of this Union. The blow was aimed as much at the North as at the South. The North was sought to be reached through the South. The warfare had been carried on by persons advancing the views of a foreign nation, and it was carried on as much against Northern as Southern people. He begged permission to read an extract on this subject from a speech of his own, delivered some years ago, as the facts were there succinctly stated.

This extract from the gentleman's speech we omit. He endeavours to prove that the British Government, both in her course in relation to the Slave-Trade for a century and a half, and the final entire abolition of Slavery in the British West Indies, has been actuated solely by selfish motives. It is not worth while to occupy our crowded columns with an argument to maintain a position which, if correct, is most conclusive proof that Great Britain has done wisely in ridding herself of Slavery, and that the United States had better follow her example; and which, if false, would convict the slaveholders of gross ingratitude towards a country which has most essentially injured herself, and benefitted them, if slave-labour is really better than free-labour. Mr. Bayly continued:

These, then, were the motives of England. They were strictly selfish. She wished to strike down her rivals in agriculture and commerce, and hence she wished to make the South a waste, because it was her rival in the production of tropical productions, and served to build up a commercial marine and to promote maritime pursuits. She had enlisted on her behalf the Abolitionists of this country; and this was the point to which, having shown the object of England in desiring the abolition of Slavery, he would now call the attention of the House. He designed to show that the Abolitionists and some of the State Legislatures were acting in obedience to the suggestions, and as the instruments of England, in aiming a blow at this whole Confederacy. It was aimed at the North precisely as much as at the South; and he pledged himself, unless he had greatly mistaken the force of evidence, to bring it home to them conclusively. He should make the Abolitionists his witnesses. Adopting the suggestions which grew out of the inquiry propounded to Mr. Ogden, the Abolitionists of the North, at their annual meeting in New York, in 1838, in discussing the mode of bringing about this abolition, say that the discussion of the subject of abolition at the North and in Congress will decrease the value of the slaves. The benefit, as they were pleased to call it, of the agitation of the subject of Slavery on this floor is thus explained:

> The interest which they themselves will take in the discussion. In spite of all precautions, the slaves will become acquainted with what so deeply interests them; and, so far as they do, self-respect will be regenerated—an excellent and profitable sentiment for a free labourer, but ruinous to the slave. It was the testimony of the planters of Jamaica, before the British Parliament, that their slaves became acquainted with all that passed in respect to them in the mother-country, and were thereby too much excited to fill the places of slaves with slavish obedience.
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> The knowledge of the slave that a portion of the whites are exerting themselves for his emancipation, upon the ground that he is illegally held in bondage, will make him, they say, impatient in his servitude. It will make him sullen and moody. It will incite him to indulge in dreams of freedom in another land which he can never enjoy in his own. He will be reduced to a condition in which his master cannot rely upon his labour. He will be disposed to run away, and at a time when his services can be least spared. The master will be subjected to constant and heavy expenses to recapture him. He will thus become to his owner a source of vexation rather than comfort, of trouble and expense rather than profit.

To establish these facts there is copied into the report the following extract of a letter from a man at the South, to whose sister a gentleman of New York had sent two abolition pamphlets:

> Do you remember the two books you sent to my sister by me? My two black boys, William and Jim, who lived better and easier than I did, read them, and in consequence, run off, and after eleven days riding and $267 cost, I got them, and now their place is wretched by their own conduct, as I sold them at a loss of $900 to a trader.

Well, this abolition report of 1838, from which he had quoted, after going on to say what were the effects of this constant agitation on this subject; after stating that it made the negro dissatisfied; that it increased his desire to run away; that it harassed the master, went further. It did not stop there. It went on to urge upon the non-slaveholding States that they should make the recapture of the runaway slaves impossible; for if they were to be recaptured they would be deterred from running away. It went on to say that laws ought to be passed to raise the question of Slavery or Freedom, or the legality of the bondage in which the slave is held. They further urge the passage of such a law by the Northern States, upon the ground that the laws of some of the Southern States permitting Slavery are unconstitutional, and that the slave ought to have an opportunity to test them whenever he escapes to the North. They say that the citizens of Virginia and Maryland have no right, by their own Constitutions, to hold slaves in their own territory, much less to recover them from other States. They make this statement on the ground, which they assume, that the Bill of Rights of Virginia and Maryland emancipated their slaves, and that every negro in those States was declared to be free by the Bill of Rights, which was of equal force with that contained in the Constitution of Massachusetts. They go on and say they must excite the feeling of the North so as to make the recapture of the slave impossible. They also say that they must facilitate their escape, and make their recapture impossible. And all this was done under the advisement of English Abolitionists, who were thus aiming a deadly blow at this Union through the South. Well, Sir, what has been the result of these recommendations by the Abolitionists? I appeal to the history of the last few years. Have not the State Legislatures carried out these recommendations with a fidelity greater and stricter than they have carried out the recommendations of their own constituted authorities? They have kept up the agitation here to dispose the slaves to run away; they have raised funds to aid him in escaping; they have succeeded in exciting a feeling in the non-slaveholding States which makes it dangerous for any man to aid a master in asserting his legal and Constitutional rights; they have passed laws nullifying the Constitution, and making the recapture of a fugitive slave impossible. And here was another point to which he desired to call the attention of the House and of the country. We were constantly told here that the fanatics of the North did not look to the insurrection of the blacks, and that they did not desire to incite the slaves to rebellion. It had been often said here that they do not either immediately or remotely expect to see abolition effected by insurrection. It was the policy of the Abolitionists to deny it as yet, but this report distinctly takes the ground that, if the master will not yield to moral suasion and peaceful emancipation, insurrection would be the natural and proper consequence. Here is what they say on that point:

> If a ray of hope penetrates their gloom, though the chink through which it passes be ever so small, it will banish all thought of insurrection while it shines.—Though while hope of relief from some quarter holds out, the slave will abstain from rebellion, it is not to be expected that they will continue to do so if this hope shall fade away. Once let them come to an understanding of their rights, and the master will be forced to the alternative of giving them or of suffering them to be taken.—Though our business is with the master—though it is for him and his political equals we print and lecture—yet we have not pledged ourselves to prevent, *what it is impossible should be prevented*, the slaves from getting knowledge that we are printing and lecturing. After our operations have, for a fair probationary space, displaced all thoughts of insurrection by a better hope of deliverance, if the masters disappoint that hope, the consequences must be upon their own heads.

With such evidence before him, he asserted that they did look to insurrection. They do look to freeing the blacks by murdering the whites. They could not, without stultifying themselves, look to any other course, and they do not. They know that peaceable emancipation never can take place. In this very report they say they do not expect to convince the master; but even if they should be convinced of the wrong so much alluded to, he (Mr. B.) understood to say that emancipation was impossible. In many of the States more than half the population were black; and did the Abolitionists expect that the South would consent to have such a population let loose upon them as free negroes? Did they expect the South to live in that condition? Gentlemen from the Northern States might answer the question for themselves. Do they do it? Why, in how many States did they exclude the free negroes?—Had they not passed stringent laws against them?—In those States where the infusion of free negroes would be comparatively small and harmless and yet they would not consent to even so small an infusion there. Did they, then, expect that they of the South would consent to let loose such a number as they had? They do not expect it.

But suppose it were possible; as far as the purposes of humanity were concerned it would not make the case better. Suppose they were emancipated, did anybody believe that the whites and blacks in equal proportions could live in peace in the same community. They would be separated from each other by prejudices; there would be a line of demarkation that could never be blotted out. Did they not know that there would be a constant conflict of races going on, and a struggle on the part of the negro for not only equal, social, and political rights, but for supremacy; a conflict which, as in all time heretofore, in all time hereafter, would exist in communities composed of distinct races, and which would end in civil war. Let them look to the example of San Domingo, where a deadly conflict was constantly going on between the negro and the mulattoes, although they were by no means so distinct from each other as negroes and whites. If the South would consent to emancipation, how long would peace be preserved? The inevitable result would be a bloody strife; for after they were emancipated they would claim equal privileges, and civil war with all its horrors would ensue. He therefore affirmed, that the pretence that these people were not looking to insurrection and to the cutting of the throat of every white man, woman, and child, was false. The Abolitionists in their own reports avow it. But if they had not avowed it, they could not escape from the charge that such is their purpose in any other manner than by stultifying themselves, for it was the natural and inevitable consequence of their conduct. Well, and who would they benefit by it? If that conflict should arise what would become of the black man? Did they not know that the greater intelligence and the greater enterprise of the white man must conquer? It might deluge the South in blood for years perhaps, but it would end in the extermination of the black man? And this was to be done at the instigation of a treacherous foreign nation, that they might subvert our commercial and agricultural prosperity. It was to be done, too, under the pretence of friendship for the black man, but which would be seen to be cruel and inhuman treachery. It could only end in his entire extermination.

There were some remarks which fell from the member from Ohio, (Mr. Giddings,) on a preceding day, to which his attention had been called by a gentleman near him, of a most murderous and incendiary character, proving that he looked to emancipation by force. In arguing against the extension of slave territory, he said he wished to keep the negroes with their masters, holding their knives as near their throats as possible. To such remarks he (Mr. B.) did not mean to reply. He addressed himself to the sober serious reason of the North, and he wished not to excite their passions. He wished to show them that this abolition excitement had an origin hostile to them as well as the South, and that nothing but mischief, unqualified mischief to the whole country would result from it.

Mr. *Giddings* rose and inquired if the gentleman from Virginia alluded to him when he said the gentleman from Ohio wished to keep the negroes and their masters together, that the negroes might have their knives as near their master's throats as possible?

Mr. *Bayly* replied that he did allude to the member from Ohio, for such he understood to be the character of that member's remarks.

Mr. *Giddings* replied that the gentleman had entirely misunderstood him.

Mr. *Bayly* said other gentlemen understood him as he did.

Mr. *Giddings* said he cared not who made the assertion; he had used no such language. He well knew what he had said.

Mr. *Bayly* said a gentleman sitting near him understood the language as he did; but, whether the member from Ohio used those precise expressions or not, of this he (Mr. B.) was certain, and he would stake his assertion on the decision of the House, that he had over and over again used expressions of similar import.

Mr. *Giddings*—Of what import?

Mr. *Bayly*—The member from Ohio had used language in his speeches, the inevitable tendency of which was, if it were not his design, to lead to insurrection.

The *Speaker* called the gentleman to order.

Mr. *Giddings*—I wish the gentleman might be permitted to proceed. I like to hear him.

Mr. *Bayly* had no doubt of it. The member is fond of the notoriety which the denunciations of him here give him. He hopes to recommend himself to his constituents by assuming to be the special object of attack by Southern Representatives, and thereby strengthen the tenure by which he holds his seat here, with its eight dollars a day. And hence he is eternally trying to provoke us into denunciation of his detestable course and sentiments.

Mr. *Giddings*—The gentleman is mistaken.

Mr. *Bayly*—He was one of those men who was willing to obtain profits by provoking abuse of themselves; to make a traffic of his character and feelings.

The *Speaker* again interposed, and called the gentleman to order.

Mr. *Bayly* said if he were out of order it was the remarks of the member from Ohio which had provoked him to it. For personal abuse he had no taste, but he chose to speak in appropriate terms of the course of a member here which so intimately affected the dearest interests of himself and his constituents. He represented a frontier district, penetrated in every part of it by rivers and harbours, into which the vessels from the non-slaveholding States, and the piratical schooners of the abolition society could come. His constituents' interests were, therefore, at stake, and he should ever be ready to expose and resist the unhallowed designs of men trying to destroy them; and, in speaking of the character of the men themselves, he should not stop to measure his words. He regretted the necessity of making any reference to the member whatever; and, unless under the strongest necessity of doing it, he should not hereafter, as he had not heretofore.

I have shown (said Mr. B.) the origin and the object of the constant discussion and agitation on the subject of Slavery here, for which pretexts are never wanting. It commenced at the period I have named by the presentation of abolition petitions.

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In speaking of this subject, he recollected a circumstance to which his attention had been called several years ago. His attention was called to the number of advertisements of runaway negroes in the National Intelligencer and Globe. The dates of the departure of the negroes were generally given. By comparing them he found that the negroes went off in gangs about large enough for the load of a small schooner, at intervals of about a month—as near as may be the period for a vessel to make a trip, to Massachusetts, for instance, and back. From this he was satisfied that these runaways made their escape by the river, and that there was an actual line of packets engaged in taking them off. He wrote an article calling the attention of the public to it at the time, and he mentioned it now for the same purpose. The House might rely upon it, the case which had just occurred was not an isolated one; indeed, he understood that the Captain now in prison admitted that this was the fourth trip he had made.

He had been told, as manifest as this evil was, there was no way to prevent it; that the law of this District provided no adequate punishment for those who had instigated the negroes to run away, and assisted them in attempting it. If there is not, there ought to be. There is but one way to prevent the occurrence of such acts; that is, by holding out the terrors of such punishment to all persons engaging in it, as to deter them from it, and by the making examples of the slaves, who may be retaken. With the negro he sincerely sympathized; him he pitied; and his sole regret was that those who had brought upon him the misery he would suffer, could not have it in his place.

He did not know that the laws as they now stood were insufficient; but he would inquire into the matter, and if they were found to be so, he should feel it his duty to ask leave to bring in a bill to remedy their defects. If there was no law to punish the publications of incendiary publications, he should bring in a bill to provide one. And he should not be deterred by being told that he would be interfering with the liberty of the press. He did not propose to establish a censorship of the press to prevent publications, but to provide a law for the punishment of an editor who should commit an offence against society, precisely as every other citizen was punished in a similar case, which offence would be judged of by the community, through its law, administered by its judges and jurors. It is no more a violation of the liberty of the press to provide by law for the punishment of an editor who makes publications which endanger my life and property than it is the violation of the liberty of the citizen to provide for his punishment who does the same thing in a different way.

But he did not know that the laws were insufficient. The idea very prevalent that they are so, is the only thing which has stimulated any one to attempt acts of violence. If they shall be found to be efficient, or if they are not so now, and Congress should in good faith make them so, he would be responsible that no mob would ever be seen here.—But, on the other hand, if it should be found that the laws are not effectual to protect the community in the enjoyment of its rights, and the legislative power should refuse to make them so, then the community would be remitted to its natural right of self-preservation—a law above all other laws, and as applicable to communities as to individuals. Under such circumstances, the men who did not resort to it, to use the language of the gentleman from Georgia, would be slaves who deserved the manacles now worn by the felons in your jail.

Mr. Root, of Ohio, made an amusing speech on the question of privilege, which we should be glad to copy had we room. He proceeded:

Mr. R. had a word or two more to say on this allegation about a lawless mob. I utterly abhor (said Mr. Root) the mob spirit. I hate mobs—all mobs. I don't care what is the provocation that has got them up. I detest a mob. If other gentlemen like them and justify them, I shall not quarrel with their taste. I am in favour of a very free expression of opinion. I hold that the man who honestly speaks what he thinks, and all he thinks, is entitled to respect, though he may be made to answer for what he says. But I do know that gentlemen both think and feel very differently at one time from what they do at another, and I cannot help thinking that the very high commendations on mobs which we have had here during this debate, would never have been made under other circumstances. I, to be sure, have had but little experience in mobs myself. I detest them. Now, I consider the worst of this whole business of enticing slaves from their masters is the mob spirit in which it was done. These negro-stealers were a mob, rather small I admit, for they were a few men on board a single schooner; but they were a mob, a detestable mob, and a sneaking mob, for they worked at night in the dark.

I have been greatly astonished to hear gentlemen who profess to be warm friends of Slavery, talk favourably here of mobs. Why, Sir, if there is any institution on the face of God's earth which has reason to dread mobs, it is this very institution of Slavery. I do not say that a mob does right to assail it. I say that a mob is a most damnable way of doing anything. It must be something very good indeed—like the object of your Boston tea-party—to excuse it in any degree; and that was not a mob neither, for they had prayer before they began, [roars of laughter,] and at the end, when all was done and over, it was moved that they should give three cheers spontaneously. [increased laughter.] But I tell you, your institution of Slavery will never be conserved by a mob. You are the last men in God's world that should commend mobs. You rely for your protection on the Constitution; you rely on the oaths of our fathers; you rely on our good faith; and you shall have that; in the name of good faith, in the name of our fathers, in the name of the Constitution, you shall have it. But when you leave this ground, when you throw away these pleas, and put yourselves on the strength of mobs, beware! A mob deals in weak heads and strong arms. Louis Philippe himself never had stronger reason to dread a mob than you have. I do not say that any mob can reach you; but do you not know that the mob *spirit* travels faster than the cholera? The cholera left the continent of Asia months ago; it has been making progress toward us ever since, and it has not got to us yet. But the mob spirit broke out at Paris but the other day, and has not only got here already, but it is doing its work all over the continent of Europe; so that I believe there remain now but two thrones for it to work at; and it is far from impossible that a gentleman in a blouse is now sitting on the throne of the autocrat of the Russias. Your institution, I say, relies on the Constitution for its security; it will never be preserved by mobs.

I hate mobs for another reason. I do not know that this debate is, on the whole, to be regretted.—It has afforded a very beautiful opportunity to show how devoted gentlemen here are to their constituents Now, I like that. I want it, at times, myself. [A laugh.] And I am glad that my colleague here (Mr. Giddings) is so willing to be a target for gentlemen to practice on. I am always glad to hear such fine displays. But I would venture to suggest to gentlemen, in the ardour of their patriotism, to spare it, if they can, with a little discretion. I do not complain about epithets; not at all. I have some time ago made up my mind to put up with anything. [A laugh.] They may call me an old Federalist, (and that is the worst thing they can call me,) fanatic, hypocrite, if it will do them any good at home. I am willing to take it all. I know they speak it "only in a Pickwickian sense." [Loud merriment.]

But I think they had better discriminate a little when they find a Northern man who defends the rights of the South. The gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. Venable) thanked his God, I think, that there were some Northern men that were found standing by the South under all the vituperation heaped upon them. Now, I think that gentleman is ready to thank God for very small blessings; but I believe I will say no more about that, for I do not see the gentleman in his seat. Oh, yes, there he is! He looks sincere, as if he did really thank God for it; and, if he does, then I say again he must esteem it his duty to be thankful to Heaven for the very smallest favours. [Laughter.]

But when we get beyond the Pickwickian class, if we are the subject even of a vague suspicion that we have been inveigling slaves, we are to be denounced. And if we dare to say that Slavery is a moral evil, then we are Abolitionists. Now, I do own that we have some of the prejudices we imbibed at the North in our Sunday schools, and from our mothers, and we are so prejudiced as to look on it as a curse; but then it is a curse we have nothing to do with, and do not want to. But that is not enough. If we do not say it is a great blessing, we are Abolitionists. Now, I ask gentlemen, is that cunning? is it wise? Is that a good course for you to pursue? For one, I do not care about it. If any gentleman chooses to call me a fanatic or an Abolitionist, he is perfectly welcome. But I suggest to gentlemen the question whether that is exactly politic, and whether it is a course likely to promote the peace of the country? Is it a wise course to hunt up the proceedings of some ultra-abolition society, to read some of the strongest passages, and then to charge the whole on the people of the North, and then to accuse them to a man of being the agents of the British Government? But, if it were so, why may not we sympathize with Britain in her system of abolition as with France in hers? Must only Monsieur Lamartine go ahead in that business? Do you find anything in all the doings of the World's Convention that comes up to French abolition?—They gave you pure Hayti abolition. You sympathize with this, but it is terrible to sympathize with Great Britain. I do not care what you say against her, for I know perfectly that you will never get into a war with Great Britain. [Laughter.] You may quarrel with her as you please, it don't alarm me. I know, and you know, it all ends in smoke. There is something about John Bull that makes him a most undesirable customer, and you never will deal with him in the way of fighting so long as there is a single inch of Mexico left. [Roars.] It is said that John wants to bring Abolitionists in here.—What for? To get up an excitement. Why, what a great fool he must be. Does not he know that Southern gentlemen will do that of themselves?—Their tender affection for their constituents will get up a row here at any time. You all know cases enough of this; you all know that we can have an excitement here whenever we like. No, not excitement, I mean sympathy; yes, a sympathy, that's the new word; "excitement" is too old-fashioned; the word now is a "sympathy for consolidated liberty." [Immense laughter.]

But I am almost done. I mean to yield the floor soon to the gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. Palfrey,) who may be getting his paper out so as to be ready.

I have said all that I desire. I am anxious that somehow this resolution and amendment should be sent to a Committee, so that full justice may be done both to the accused and the accuser. Suppose it should all end in smoke, (as some gentlemen say it will,) so much the better. Who wants the rumour to be true? I hope that a Committee will get the paper, and in two hours will be able to report to us that there has been no such thing.

Well (said Mr. R.) I have succeeded in what I aimed at. I have in some way, I scarce know how, got the House into a good humour. [A voice: "Move the previous question."] No; when two hundred and forty gentlemen have been so kind to me as these gentlemen always are, I will not move the previous question.

Mr. *Palfrey* here began to address the Chair.

Mr. *Root*—Stay, stay; I have not done yet. But, as I see you are all ready, and very anxious to speak, I will here yield you the floor "for a personal explanation" only; remember, "for a personal explanation."

Mr. *Palfrey* said he believed he was not under very much obligation to the gentleman from Ohio for the use of the floor, as that gentleman had anticipated him in almost all he had intended to say.—Mr. P. had perceived it to be desirable that the House should have before it something to show that such reports as the resolution referred to were in circulation. Now, his friend had said that he personally knew the fact that such rumours were afloat here. Still, if the House desired it, he would proceed and read the paper he had in his hand. [Voices: "Read, read!"] Yesterday, when doubts had been expressed as to that fact, Mr. P. had been about to move an amendment to the resolution, but had been prevented from doing so by the amendment of the gentleman from Georgia, (Mr. ———.) His amendment would have been introduced by way of preamble, with the following statement made in writing by the gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Giddings):

> Strike out all after the word "whereas," and insert "the following statement has been made," viz:
>
> I, J. R. GIDDINGS, a member of the House of Representatives, state that during yesterday I heard from various respectable persons, that in the mob of Tuesday night my name was mentioned, and my person threatened by individuals assembled; that my lodgings were inquired for, and advised that I should be lynched by those engaged in the mob.
>
> That friends who heard this, represented that I should be in danger if found by those engaged, and I was advised to arm myself to protect my person.
>
> That during the forenoon of yesterday I visited the jail of this District. I was not acquainted with the keeper; and when I arrived, I announced to him my name, and that I was a member of this body. That I further said to him, that I wished to see the persons confined there on a charge of carrying away slaves from this District. I told him that I wished to say to them that they should have the benefit of counsel and a legal trial, and their rights should be protected, and desired him to be present. He went with me to the passage that leads to the cells.
>
> While conversing with these men in the presence of the keeper, a mob came to the iron gate at the head of the stairway, and demanded that I should leave forthwith. The keeper informed them that he would not open the gate until they left. I was then told that my life was in danger, unless I left the building immediately. This I refused to do. The keeper assured them that he would not open the door until they retired. I was further informed, that the mob had compelled the guard at the lower gate to deliver up the key to them; and in this way they had opened that gate, and by that means obtained access to the passage at the head of the stairs.
>
> After the mob had left the stairs, and entered the lower passage, the keeper and myself, and the Hon. E. S. HAMLIN, who had visited the jail as attorney for the prisoners, with me, came down to the lower gate, in front of which the mob was assembled. He opened the gate, and I walked out. This morning I have been informed by a gentleman, who is a stranger to me, but who says he was present and heard the proposition made by individuals, to lay violent hands upon me as I came out of the prison, one of whom, he informed me, was a Mr. Slatter, a slave-dealer from Baltimore, whom he states to have been active in instigating the others to acts of violence.
>
> This day I have been informed by various individuals that during the mob of last night my lodgings were inquired for, and my person threatened with violence and lynching.
>
> I further state that I have no doubt of the accuracy of the statements to which I have referred.
>
> Resolved, That a Committee of five members be appointed to investigate and report to this House respecting the points alluded to in the above statement; and that said Committee be authorized to send for persons and papers, and to sit during the sessions of this House.

Mr. P. also read an anonymous letter received by Mr. G. advising him "to take his carcass out of the District;" that "his time was short," &c. He said it had a P. S. which he would not read.

Mr. *Root* resumed the floor. There was one other word he wished to say; it was on the intimation, he would not say the menace, of the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Bayly,) about the bill he meant to introduce into the House. If that gentleman thought that such a bill ought to be brought in, he had done right to apprise the House of it. Feeling it to be his duty to do so, Mr. R. admired his independence and his scorn of all that could and would be said against it. But he could not but regret that any American statesman here, at this day, in this year of grace 1848, should think that such a measure was likely to do any good. What! Restrain the freedom of the press? At this time of day, in this nineteenth century, shackle the press! Why, what were the blouses about in France but breaking off just such fetters as the gentleman would try to put on it?

They had disposed, in a summary way, of just such modes of restricting the freedom of the press as the gentleman was for proposing. It was those very restrictions which had contributed more to produce the recent revolution in France than any other thing. And were we to resort to a policy which Europe had rejected? He would assure that gentleman, if he adopted the course he had indicated, (which, no doubt he would,) he would incur more popular odium than by any other thing he could do. If he should succeed, it would be assuming a responsibility for the South, which they and theirs would regret the longest day they lived. It was too late in the day to talk to Americans about a censorship of the press.

Mr. *Bayly* reminded Mr. R. that he had not proposed a censorship of the press, but had expressly disclaimed such an idea. Did the gentleman consider the press under a censorship now, because an editor was responsible to a jury for what he published?

Mr. *Root* said he did not mean that the gentleman had proposed all the machinery of a regular censorship of the press; but that was the amount, and would be the effect of his bill. The press was already sufficiently responsible. If it indulged in slander, it did it in defiance of law. Mr. R. was aware of the difficulty of convicting and punishing such offences; but he did say, that to attempt to impose any other restrictions on the press would rouse all minds against the gentleman and his proposition, and if it should succeed, it would recoil on him and his friends with a force they would be little able to endure.

Mr. *Wick* here got the floor, and, after a remark or two, moved an adjournment; and after several motions and some conversation, the motion was amended so as to adjourn to Monday. And then the House adjourned.

On the 25th, Mr. *Giddings* having obtained the floor, he said that, whatever remarks he might make on this occasion, it was no part of his intention to reply to what had been said by the gentleman who had just taken his seat. Before he commenced any regular series of remarks, he wished to take occasion to say further, that he had supposed that, after a ten years' service in this Hall; after so many times expressing the sentiments which he had so long held, and which he thought were so well understood by the members of this House, he could not have been made to believe that gentlemen, either from the North or the South, could have so misapprehended his sentiments, until he had heard such impressions avowed by them. He wished the attention of the House and the country, while he declared that no man in this Hall or elsewhere, could lay his hand upon a remark, resolution, or speech of his, in which he had ever claimed the privilege of interfering with Slavery in the States of this Union. For two days something like a dozen gentlemen from the South had imputed to him intentions to interfere with their institutions. Now, if any gentleman in this Hall could lay his hand upon a resolution, speech, declaration, or effort of his to interfere with the institution of Slavery in the States, let him stand up in this House, in the presence of the nation, and avow it. He would yield to the gentleman. [He here paused for a moment, and, no gentleman rising, he proceeded.] Was there any one here (he asked) who would take upon himself the responsibility of declaring that such an intimation had ever fallen from his (Mr. G.'s) lips? If none, where were the gentlemen who for days had been imputing to him such motives? Where did they stand before the people of this country? It was a duty which he owed to himself, to the people whom he represented, again to disavow all such feelings, intentions, purposes, motives, or designs. He was once expelled from this Hall, or, rather, censured here, for declaring this very identical doctrine, that Congress had not the power to interfere with that institution. He now took occasion to say that the people of the slave States of this Union held that institution supreme, uncontrolled under the Constitution of the United States, beyond the power of this Government to interfere with it for any purpose, or to any extent, with one exception, and that was their power of legislation in regard to fugitive slaves. The people of the free States had the indisputable right to remain free from its contamination, unstained with its guilt, exempt entirely from its support, and disconnected with all its turpitude. He said that they had no claim on the people of the free States to extend that institution or to associate with new slaveholding States; that they had no right to ask the free people of the North to associate themselves with slaveholders in Mexico, who, owning one hundred slaves, would wield an influence on this floor equal to sixty freemen. Therefore, it was one of his cardinal principles, and one of those whom he represented, not to associate with any new slaveholding States or slaveholding territory. These were their sentiments: Keep your Slavery where it is, and manage it according to your own judgment and discretion. With it we never had, constitutionally, and never will have, anything to do.

Mr. *Meade* (the floor being yielded) desired to ask the gentleman what was his object in so frequently introducing this subject into the Hall, if it were not to operate on Southern institutions?

Mr. *Giddings* said he had invited gentlemen, if they had ever heard a word from him affirming the power of Congress to interfere with the institution of Slavery in the States, to say so. Did the gentleman from Virginia pretend ever to have heard from his lips such a proposition? No; no gentleman had ever heard it; no gentleman could be found to rise and declare that he had.

Mr. *Meade* (in his seat) called upon the gentleman to answer his question.

Mr. *Giddings* replied, he would do it; but he did not like to have the gentleman consume his time by putting questions wholly irrelevant to the subjects he was discussing.

The gentleman asked him what were his motives in discussing this subject? To wash his hands, and those of the people of the North, from the stain of supporting this institution in this District. Did the gentleman suppose that, because he would not interfere with the Slavery of the South, he was to stand here with his lips hermetically sealed from expressing his sentiments upon the outrages and wrongs perpetrated in upholding this institution in this District? No; he would unseal them; he would give expression to his deep abhorrence. Would gentlemen say that he was not to speak upon Slavery here, because they had slaves at the South? Take care of your own slaves, (said he,) we will look to those under our protection.

He was remarking that he stood here as a legislator under the Constitution. His duties were plain, so plain, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not mistake them. They were to let the Slavery of the Southern States alone. It had ever been the duty of the National Legislature to let it be; and when they established it in this District they violated their duty to God and to their fellow-men; they had violated the duties which they owed to themselves, their constituents, and the human race. Now repeal those laws which involved them in the turpitude of maintaining this institution, and then they would have done with it; and he, for one, would never mention it here or elsewhere, as a member of this body. This result they intended to bring about; and he took occasion to say to gentlemen, You shall not bring us to share with you in the guilt and the turpitude of this traffic in human flesh now carried on here under our protection. It was the voice of the people of the free States that they would not remain thus contaminated with the guilt of that institution; and he said to gentlemen that they would have this; they would not vote for their Presidents or any other officers who undertook to hold them partakers in that guilt and iniquity. *The separation of this Government from all interference with Slavery*, was the motto which they had placed on their banner. It was *freedom*; the rights of man; uncontaminated with this foul blot on the American escutcheon.

It was no part of his intention to reply to the assaults made upon him a few days since, when this matter was under consideration. He had to do with more important matters than defending himself. These personal reflections were unbecoming the solemn occasion on which they were now discussing the rights of humanity. He had taken occasion for the hundredth time to define his position; and when gentlemen imputed to him sentiments which they knew he did not entertain, he told them to beware lest their misrepresentations should be exposed. Gentlemen of the South had introduced the discussion of this subject here. It was a question which was discussed in all our legislative bodies throughout the United States; which was discussed in our political Conventions, by our newspaper press, and by our literary periodicals; in our school districts and township meetings; in prayers and the sacred pulpit; by the fireside and by the wayside; and he said to gentlemen, it was too late in the day to attempt to suppress the discussion of this question.—It would be discussed. Yet he must say he had not been desirous, nor in any way instrumental in introducing this subject into discussion at this time. He deemed it inappropriate. The resolution of his friend from Massachusetts did not allude to the institution of Slavery in any way, either directly or indirectly. This resolution proposed an investigation, to ascertain a simple matter of fact. In its preamble it recited that reports had reached the ears of members of this body that a lawless mob had existed in this city for two nights previous to the introduction of the resolution, setting at defiance the constituted authorities and the laws of the United States; and the proposition was to inquire whether such was the fact. It also stated that certain members of this body had been menaced by this lawless mob, and it proposed an inquiry into this fact. As gentlemen had imputed to him (Mr. G.) that he was the individual menaced, it was proper for him to say that he had had no hand in introducing the resolution; the gentleman had done it on the motion of his own will and not his, (Mr. G.'s). Gentlemen had represented him as not only introducing this resolution, but as insisting on the protection of this body. They had represented the gentleman from Massachusetts as asking the protection of this House. There was nothing in this resolution regarding protection. It only proposed to ascertain the fact, whether members of Congress had been menaced by a lawless mob in the city of Washington. It was to let the people of the States throughout this Union know whether their Representatives, sent here for the discharge of their public duties, while confining themselves to this District, had been menaced by lawless violence. Did any man suppose that he (Mr. G.) asked the protection of this body? If he ever had occasion under Heaven to ask protection from any human being, it was *from* this body, not *of* it. If he had ever seen a lawless mob, it was on Tuesday last at the jail and in this House. He had heard members here, while the galleries were filled, and while many composing the mob were said to be in them, declare themselves ready to justify the mob to the fullest extent. He had no disposition to look for protection to a body from

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

which he had received as many indignities as he had from members of Congress. Was he, at this late day, to come here to ask for protection? No. It was no part of his object. No, said he, let the House protect its own honour; protect their own dignity; and he would take care of the protection of his person in his own way.

He therefore said that this inquiry was plain and simple in itself. Its object was to carry information to the people of this Union. To inform them of the feeling that existed in this slaveholding community. To expose the spirit of violence and anarchy which was exhibited here against those who dared to speak the sentiments which they entertained in favour of liberty and the rights of humanity.

He wanted his constituents, the people of his State, and the free States, to understand what violent and lawless mobs arose from the slaveholding and slave-dealing influence in this District. This was what he wished them to understand. He cared not whether the House passed this resolution or not. It was well known to the members of this House that for forty-eight hours prior to the introduction of this resolution a lawless mob did control this city; that men, if report were true, and there was no reason to doubt it, in office, clerks in the employment of the United States, attended and led on that mob; that men in official stations were there stimulating that mob to violence; that the mob consisted the first night of hundreds, and the next night of thousands; and during this time, here, where the arms, munitions, and the whole power of protection was committed to the Executive officers of the Government, not a movement was made to suppress it so far as they were concerned. The object of this mob unquestionably was to prostrate one of the presses of this city. There was no doubt about that. And not only this, but who were those who led it on?—Not the respectable citizens of the city of Washington; so far as he knew their deportment they were to be excepted from any charge of participating in the disgrace. They were your slavedealers from Baltimore, Alexandria, Richmond, and the surrounding country; it was the slavedealers and slavebreeders; the men who raise mankind for market, whose living and support was by raising and selling their fellow-men. It was that class of characters who came into this city to threaten its Government and community, disturb its peace, and overthrow the press to which he had alluded. These men, associating together in this way, were the leaders and exciters of this mob.

Now another thing known to every man here, and one which had been referred to this morning, was that the mob, when it assembled on the first night, did avow the intention of prostrating that press and that office; and with this publicly avowed purpose adjourned until the next night for the purpose of bringing in more of these despicable characters from abroad to enable them to effect their object. This was all known by report, and was proposed to be inquired into.

So far as report charged that a member or members of this House had been menaced, was also to be inquired into. He cared nothing about it. He would state, as his name had been connected with it, that on Tuesday of last week, being a member of this body, and feeling some little interest in the way their laws over the District were to be carried into execution, he had visited one of the public institutions of our country, a prison in this city, erected by this Government, and where, if his person was protected in this building, it was there, as much as it was in the Treasury Department, or any other of the Departments at the seat of Government. He had gone there under the consciousness of protection as much as if he had been in front of the Speaker's desk, because it was a public building, erected by the funds of his own constituents as well as of the people of all the free States, together with those of the slave States. He had gone there for the purpose declared here on a former occasion. He had then said all he wished to on this point. There were your slavedealers and slavebreeders gathered together in the entrance of the jail to menace and threaten him. Did he ask protection from this House? No, when he felt in danger he would let them know it. But what he held in unutterable contempt was, that a member of this body, in visiting one of the public institutions erected by this Government, should be threatened by a miserable mass of moral putridity, called slaveholders and slavebreeders. Had it come to this, that the members of this House could not go in and out of the public institutions in this District without meeting that class of men and being threatened by them?

He knew not who these men were, but from reports which he had received from various quarters he understood they were that class of men. Now, the resolution of the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Palfrey,) proposed an inquiry into those facts.

But again: Who was it that stimulated that mob! It was members in this Hall. While the galleries were filled with slave-dealers—men who drove whole families to the market, and bartered men, women, and children for gold—honourable members stood up here in this House, and declared that they justified the mob to the fullest extent. And did he (Mr. G.) ask for protection from such men? Such a declaration had been made and repeated and reiterated here. This was not the place to which he should go for protection. Yes, members of this House of Representatives stood in their places and proclaimed, not only to this country, but to the whole civilized world, that in their capacity of legislators they stood by and sustained those wretches in their lawless violence. And it was with humility and deep abasement that he acknowledged that these declarations came principally from members of the political party to which he himself belonged. He also felt compelled to acknowledge that, while this was going on here, the President of the United States, to whose party he (Mr. G.) did not belong, was said to have been making efforts to put down the mob. It was due to the President that he should state this fact. The people should know it. No man there would accuse him of being a friend to the President; but he honoured him nevertheless for his effort to suppress these riotous proceedings, and for his exertions to stop those disgraceful outrages which were about to disgrace the whole Union. He took pleasure in vindicating the President for that act.

When the pending resolution was brought forward it was immediately seized upon by gentlemen from the South, and made the subject of an exciting discussion. It was gentlemen from the Southern States who did this, and it was those gentlemen who insisted upon going back into an inquiry respecting all the facts and circumstances which had given rise to the mob. And what were the facts? Why, that from seventy to eighty men, women, and children—persons who had as good a natural right to liberty as any gentleman here, who were entitled to the rights which their Creator had given them—feeling the galling chains of Slavery chafing and festering in their flesh, themselves bowed down in bondage, and shut out from the social and intellectual enjoyments of life, sought the blessings of liberty; and it was said that they were assisted by three or four white men from the free States. But, in the attempt to escape from the custody of those who held them in bondage, they were arrested, and placed in a prison erected with the money of this nation; and this was done under the authority of the laws of this District, enacted by Congress and sustained by members on this floor. In this prison they were kept two or three days, and on Friday last this very man, Slatter, of Baltimore, who had headed the mob at the prison on Tuesday, purchased some forty or fifty of those fathers, brothers, and sons, mothers, daughters, and sisters, and marched them to the depot, where their friends had collected to take their final leave ere they proceeded to the South to drag out a miserable existence in the rice fields and cotton plantations of that region. There a scene was presented which he thought not even a slaveholder could have looked upon without some sympathy for those victims of slaveholding cupidity. Sighs and groans and tears and unutterable anguish characterized a transaction which would have disgraced the slave-market of Constantinople. It was a scene which could not have failed to excite every sympathy of our nature for suffering humanity. And by whose authority were they thus sold, and doomed to hopeless suffering at the hands of worse than Mahomedan masters? Here, if he could, he would make an appeal to this House; he would appeal even to the gentleman who had just addressed the House, and he would ask the gentleman if he could lay his hand on his heart, and in the presence of his God, declare that he had dealt out to those people, who were his fellow-men, that justice which he had expected at the hands of his fellow-man? Had he shown them that mercy which he hoped to receive from his God? He would ask that gentleman if he could thus conscientiously lend his voice and his official influence to the dealers in human flesh?—Would he lend his vote to encourage these hucksterers in our common humanity? It was a humiliating reflection, that our laws caused these men and women, and children and tender babes, to be thus sold and sent to the ceaseless toil and cruel tortures of our slave-consuming States, there to wear out a life of wretchedness and misery.

If the gentleman who had just addressed the House could approve and sanction such cruelty, and torture, and barbarous murder, he (Mr. G.) could not do it. He would not do it; it was unbecoming a Christian nation; it was a disgrace to the age in which we live. What a spectacle do we present to the civilized world! Yesterday the members of this House gathered together with the citizens of this District to rejoice, and shout, and sing in honour of France for freeing herself from her bonds of oppression, and driving her King from her shores, thereby relieving herself from oppression and giving liberty to her slaves. While we were thus before the world expressing our sympathy with France, we were here in this District maintaining a slave-market more shocking to the feelings of humanity than any to be found within the jurisdiction of the Grand Sultan.

It had been urged by gentlemen on this floor that he, and others who acted with him, had engaged in this House in discussions of the subject of Slavery within the States. With one exception, that accusation was not true. Some four years ago, he admitted, he had been induced to go into that subject by the remarks of a distinguished Southern gentleman, a member of the Executive Cabinet, (Mr. Calhoun,) who, in his official correspondence, had argued that Slavery was a Christian and humane institution. On that, and on no other occasion, had he permitted himself to be drawn into a discussion of the effects of Slavery in the States. He thought he would not again be dragged into it; but he would discuss the subject of Slavery in the District of Columbia, and in the Territories of these United States, at all times, when Southern men forced it upon him.

He would now direct his attention to the remarks of some gentlemen who had preceded him, and would briefly notice some of the doctrines which had been advanced in the course of this discussion. The gentleman to whom he wished first to direct his attention not being in his seat, he would turn to the gentleman from Tennessee, (Mr. Haskell,) to an extract from whose speech he would call the attention of the House. That gentleman, in the course of his remarks on Wednesday last, was reported to have said:

"Now a strange state of things was presented here. Members of this body, as he believed and felt ready to charge, had been engaged, by the course of conduct they pursued on this floor and out of this Hall, in the deliberate attempt to scatter the seeds of insurrection and insubordination, if not rebellion, among the slaves of this District. Men on this floor, under the garb of philanthropy and love of human liberty, had been endeavouring to perpetrate felonies for which they ought to swing as high as Haman. He spoke the plain truth. He was willing to have his words measured, and he held himself responsible for the language he used. An attempt had been made on this floor to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia in the form of law, if they could, and in violation of the Constitution; and, baffled and foiled in that, these mock-philanthropists were now, as he believed before God, attempting to abolish Slavery in this District, by inciting the negroes to leave their masters.

The *Speaker* here interposed, and reminded the gentleman that the question before the House was upon the appeal.

"Mr. *Haskell* (continuing) charged that the conduct of these men, their language on this floor and out of this House, had been such as to produce this state of things—a disposition to insurrection and rebellion among the slaves of this District. He held in his hand a resolution which he intended to move, and which he should move, by way of amendment, when this House entertained the resolution of the gentleman from Massachusetts, having for its object an inquiry into the conduct of these members, and, if they were found guilty their expulsion from this body, as unworthy to hold seats on this floor."

Mr. G. said before he proceeded to comment on this extract, he would correct an error into which a gentleman opposite (Mr. Stanton) had fallen. That gentleman said that he (Mr. G.) denied all connection with the transaction in reference to these slaves. The remarks which he had made were, that he knew nor had heard nothing of the persons engaged in carrying these slaves away. He had not denied having enticed away the slaves himself. He had said nothing on that subject. When such a charge should come from a respectable source, he would consider the propriety of answering it. He did not feel called on at this time, to admit or deny it.

He would now return to the gentleman whose remarks had announced his intention to expel him (Mr. G.) from this House: and he would say to that gentleman that it was rather too late to attempt to seal his lips and the lips of Northern members to prevent the discussion of constitutional questions in this House. He gave notice to that gentleman and to all others that, as he had the right to do it, he should say what he thought. He intended to call things by their right names, and, so far as able, would make himself understood by this House; and when this hall again ceased to be a place of free discussion, his constituents would be represented by some other gentleman or they would cease to be represented here.—The slave power had once reigned triumphant here.—Not so at this time: we had regained the freedom of debate, and it would never again be surrendered.—Gentlemen in making such threats, appeared to forget that they were not now on their plantations, exercising their petty tyranny over slaves, who, in their degradation crouched and trembled at their master's bidding. Or did those gentlemen suppose they could bring the practices of their plantations into these halls?—Those gentlemen should know that this was not the place for that kind of demeanor. This was no place for the display of supercilious dictation. It belonged not to the dignity of legislation. The American Congress was no place for the manifestation of those traits which characterize the overseer of the South. It would not be tolerated amongst men who knew their rights, and possessed the spirit to maintain them. Such language ought never to be used amongst men who felt the dignity of their office. Was he to stand there and not speak what he thought? Why, such an idea was unworthy of a deliberative body in this land of freedom, and was more becoming the tyrannies of Europe or of Turkey. He would tell those gentlemen, when he ceased to have the right to speak freely in this House, he would take his departure from it. His constituents sent him here to represent them, to express their wishes, and he should do it freely, without restraint, or not at all, notwithstanding the spasmodic eloquence of the gentleman who wished to have him expelled for exercising the right to express his thoughts. Yes, the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Haskell) wished to have him expelled for words spoken on this floor! Did not that gentleman know that such an attempt had once before been made? And had he not seen the consequence? Was he now to be told that he must ask Southern gentlemen for permission to speak, and were they to be the judges of what he should say, and when he should say it? Never, so long as his fellow-men were held in bondage in this District, would he submit to any restraint on the freedom of debate. Nor so long as he continued to hold a seat here would he relax an iota of truth to please the slave power. He would not disguise the truth even if its utterance should be the means of striking off the shackles of every slave in the Union. He had no fears of its affecting slave property here. He would not hesitate from this forum to tell the truth to all who heard him, even if slaves were listening to him. If he had the power he would give to every slave a perfect knowledge of all his God-given rights. He would open their minds to understand the oppression that weighed down their intellects and shut out knowledge and truth from their comprehension. He would give them a knowledge of the outrage upon humanity which holds them as chattles and subjects them to sale like brutes in the market. He would inform them that they came into the world from the hands of the same creator as those who lord it over them; and that they were brethren, created by the same hand, endowed with the same rights, and candidates for the same immortality.

Mr. *Gayle* asked the gentleman from Ohio if the utterance of these sentiments was not in the hearing of the slaves.

Mr. *Giddings* said the gentleman from Alabama could answer that question as well as himself. But this he would say to that gentleman, that if the utterance of such truths would release them from bondage, God knows it should be done. Let gentlemen teach their bondmen to tremble, but let them not come here to threaten freemen. Gentlemen might hold their grasp on their fellow-men, and deprive them of the rights conferred by the God who created them, and make their lacerated flesh quiver with the lash, but they need not come here and tell him that he should speak only by their permission.

Mr. *Gayle* inquired if the gentleman alluded to him when he spoke of the flesh being made to quiver by the lash. He never used the lash on his slaves; who would not, however, accompany him here, because they were afraid that the Abolitionists would skin them.

Mr. *Giddings* replied that the gentleman's statement showed to what degree of degradation Slavery can reduce the immortal mind. The gentleman from Alabama it appeared had succeeded to that extent, and he came here to boast of it. He had carried his oppression so far as to blot from the intellect of his fellow-man his natural and instinctive love of freedom. He has taught his slaves to hug their chains, to shudder at the thought of being free; and now stands up here, before the American people, and boasts of the success of his experiment. His whole statement was in keeping with the institution of Slavery. It degraded the immortal mind, and reduced man to the level of brutes. He asked that gentleman if he taught his slaves to read the Word of God? or was it not an offence to teach slaves to read that sacred book? Was not such an offence punishable by incarceration in the Penitentiary? They had only to go a few rods across that river (the Potomac) and they would expose themselves to the penalties of such a law, if they should attempt to teach slaves to read the Scriptures. Yes, to instruct slaves in the way of salvation, by enabling them to read the Word of God, was deemed a crime in this Christian land; this land of Bibles and ministers, and Sabbaths, and of slaves.

But to return to the proposition of the gentleman from Tennessee, (Mr. Haskell,) who had expressed himself so strongly in regard to his exercise of the freedom of speech. The gentleman thought that he (Mr. G.) should hang as high as Haman for thus daring to speak his sentiments. That, he supposed to be slaveholding punishment for speaking truth. But he could spend no more time upon the gentleman's proposition. Another gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. Venable) had spoken to the same effect on this subject. That gentleman seemed to intimate that he (Mr. G.) had treated the institution of Slavery with great want of respect in saying that if a slave defended himself on Ohio soil, even to killing his master, they would not hang him to please all the slaveholders in Christendom. That gentleman, if he was not misinformed, belonged to and was a member of a Church founded by that good man John Wesley. He believed the gentleman from North Carolina was a Methodist, and yet the founder of that Church had denounced Slavery as "*the sum of all villanies.*"

Mr. *Venable* said the gentleman was mistaken; he was a *Presbyterian.*

Mr. *Giddings*—The gentleman was a Presbyterian, and yet he held Slavery to be a blessing! Would the gentleman from North Carolina sit down with his slave and brother-in-Christ at the sacramental board, commemorative of the Lord's Supper and sacrificial death? Would he partake of the bread and wine in remembrance of the crucified Saviour one day with his slave and brother, and on the next sell him who thus bears the image of God for paltry pelf, and still say he was a *Presbyterian?* He (Mr. G.) denied it; the gentleman could be no Presbyterian. No man could be a Presbyterian who sold God's image, and transformed the immortal mind into a state of degradation, and shut out the Scriptures of eternal life from his brother. It was impossible. He could scarcely realise that he lived in the nineteenth century, or in a Christian land. He could scarcely realize that he lived in an age when the principles of our holy religion were perverted for the purpose of degrading our fellow-man, and shutting out from him the hope of eternal life.

Mr. *Venable* begged to say to the gentleman from Ohio as he had alluded to the subject of religion, that he was no Methodist, though he highly respected that sect. He was a Presbyterian; but he should not enter with the gentleman from Ohio into a religious discussion. He wished not either to hear anything of the gentleman's history, nor should he stay to dilate upon his own; but he would refer the gentleman to the Epistle of Paul to Philemon, from which that gentleman would learn that Paul did not tell servants to run away from their masters, but to return back to them. When the gentleman from Ohio could bring evidence to show that he was better, wiser, and holier than Paul, he would listen to his counsels, and not till then.

Mr. *Giddings* said the gentleman from North Carolina was rather too much excited for a Presbyterian. But it was not enough that professors in this Hall should pervert our holy religion to the purpose of justifying the crimes of Slavery, but the Scriptures of Truth were to be prostituted to the maintenance of that institution. Had it come to this, that a member of this House and of a Christian Church could here stand up and justify what such a man as John Wesley had called not murder, nor, theft, nor adultery, but "*the sum of all villanies*" compounded? The substance of all their crimes are brought into the significant expression of slaveholding. He trusted that the gentleman from Tennessee who was disposed to hang him, nor the gentleman who had felt hurt at his former remarks, would take offence at what he was saying. If they did, he would inform them that they could probably find room in the rotunda until he should close what he had to say.

It had been said at the other end of the Capitol, by a gentleman of high distinction, that the average life of slaves on the sugar plantations was but five years and on the cotton plantations only seven years. Thus whole generations are murdered in those regions every seven and five years. Gentlemen would remember that he spoke from high authority, upon slaveholding data. And these murders were attempted to be justified by Scripture; and because he had denounced the system and the practice, he was deserving to be not only mobbed but hanged, according to the opinion of gentlemen in this Hall. Indeed, it was attempted to involve St. Paul in these crimes by saying that he justified Slavery while writing under Divine inspiration. If such was the fact, he would abjure his religion and turn Turk.

He would pass over much which he had intended to say on some other topics, as his time was nearly exhausted. If he should write out his remarks, he might notice them. The gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Bayly) had complained of his (Mr. G's) want of respect for the institution of Slavery. That gentleman had in his characteristic manner assailed his (Mr. G's) motives. Now, he would not stay to reply to that gentleman's censure, nor to his attempt to make them believe that Slavery was a moral and justifiable institution. He would prefer to read a few passages from an author of that gentleman's own State. In Jefferson's Notes he found the following:

"There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of Slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no other motive either in his philanthropy or his self-love for restraining the intemperance of passion toward his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose to the worst passions, and, thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances."

This was from the apostle of Democracy, a native of the Old Dominion, whose emphatic assertion was, that "that man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved" by Slavery. He would commend these words to the consideration of the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Bayly.) He would appeal to those present when that gentleman delivered his speech on Friday last if this description of the gentleman's manner was not true to the life? Were not his empty vaporings, his unbounded vanity, a perfect fulfilment of this prophecy?

That member, in his official station, had attempted to argue the House into the belief that Slavery was a blessing. He would refer again to Mr. Jefferson's opinion, as recorded by himself. That statesman, in his Notes on Virginia, says:

"And with what execration should the statesman be loaded who, permitting one half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part, and the *amor patriæ* of the other. For, if a slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labour for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute, as far as depends on his individual endeavours, to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of the people, their industry is also destroyed; for in a warm climate no man will labour for himself who can make another labour for him."

This was the effect of Slavery as portrayed in every portion of the slaveholding country. But as he had not a moment left, he would refer to that portion of the gentleman's speech in which he had declared that the Abolitionists looked to insurrection among the slaves. And, he would ask, who did not look to that result? Could any reflecting man shut his eyes to that inevitable consequence of Slavery? Did not Mr. Jefferson look to such a finale of that system of oppression which now cripples the energies and impoverishes the people of the whole South? Mr. Jefferson, speaking in the most emphatic language, says:

"And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are of the gift of God; that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation is among possible events: that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest."

No, the Almighty had no attribute that would permit him to take sides with oppression, outrage and crime. When the day of retribution should arrive, a holy and just God could take no part with slaveholders.

Mr. G. was here cut off by the expiration of his hour, and the whole subject was laid on the table as heretofore stated.

From the Boston Courier.

☞ We are happy to hear again from our friend Hosea Biglow. As it seemed to us that his phonographic orthography might possibly occasion some obscurity in the meaning, we have taken the liberty to make a few corrections.

—

mr. Editer, As i wus kinder prunin Round, in a little nussry sot out A year or 2 a go the D bait in the sennit cum inter my mine And sow i took & Sot it to wut I call a nussry rime I hev made sum onnable Gentlemun speak that dident speak in a Kind uv Poetikul lie sense the seeson is dreffle backerd up This way

ewers as use you all
HOSEA BIGLOW.

—

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT—Sot to a Nussry Rhyme.

"Here we stan' on the Constitution by thunder!
It's a fact o' which there's bushils o' proofs,
For how could we trample on 't so, I wonder,
Ef 't wor n't that it's ollers under our hoofs?"
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he;
"Huming rights hain't no more
Right to come on this flore,
No more 'n the man in the moon," ses he.

"The North hain't no kind o' bisness with nothin,
And you 've no idee how much bother it saves;
We ain 't none riled by their frettin and frothin,
We 're *used* to layin the string on our slaves,"
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he:—
Ses Mister Foote,
"I should like to shoot
The whole gang, by the gret horn spoon!" ses he.

"Our Keystone is Slavery, that ther 's no doubt on,
It 's sutthin that 's—wha d-ye call it! divine,—
And the slaves that we ollers *make* the most out on
Are them north o' Mason and Dixon's line,"
Ses John C. Calhoun ses he;—
"For all that," ses Mangum,
"'T would be better to hang 'em,
And so git red on 'em soon," ses he.

"The mass oughter labour and we lay on soffies,
That 's the reason I want to spread Freedom aree;
It puts all the cunninest on us in office,
And reelises our Maker's oridgenal idee,"
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he;—
"That 's as plain," ses Cass,
"As that some one 's an ass,
It 's as clear as the sun is at noon," ses he.

"Now do n't go to say I 'm the friend of opression,
But keep all your spare breath for coolin your broth,
For I ollers have strove (at least that 's my impression)
To make cussed free with the rights o' the North,"
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he;—
"Yes," ses Davis of Miss.,
"The perfection o' bliss
Is in skinnin that same old coon," ses he.

"Slavery's a thing that depends on complexion,
It's God's law that fetters on black skins do n't chafe;
Ef brains was to settle it (horrid reflection!)
Which of our onnable body 'd be safe?"
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he,—
Ses Mister Hannegan,
Afore he began agin,
"That exception is quite oppertoon," ses he.

"Gen'ale Cass, sir you need n't be twitchin your collar,
Your merit 's quite clear by the dirt on your knees,
At the North we do n't make no distinctions o' color;
You can all take a lick at our shoes when you please;
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he;
Ses Mister Jarnagin,
"They wont have to larn agin,
They all on 'em know the old tune," ses he.

"The Slavery question aint noways bewildrin,
North and South have one interest—it 's plain to a glance,
Northern men, like us patriarchs, do n't sell their children,
But they *do* sell themselves ef they git a good chance,"
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he;
Ses Atherton here,
"This is gittin' severe,
I wish I could dive like a loon," ses he.

"It 'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,
And your fact'ry gals (soon as we split) 'll make head,
And gittin' some Miss chief or other to lead 'em,
'll go to work raisin' promiscoous Ned,"
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he;
"Yes, the North," ses Colquitt,
"Ef we Southerners all quit,
Would go down like a busted balloon!" ses he.

"Jest look what is doin, what annyky 's brewin
In the beautiful climb of the olive and vine,
All the wise aristoxy is tumbled to ruin,
And the sankylots drorin and drinkin their wine,"
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he;
"Yes," ses Johnson, "in France
"They 're beginnin to dance
Beelzebub's own rigadoon," ses he.

"The South 's safe enough, it do n't feel a mite skeery
Our slaves in their darkness and dirt are too blest
Not to welcome with proud hallylugers the cry
When our eagle kicks yourn from the naytional nest,"
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he;
"Oh," ses Wescott of Florida,
"What treason is horrider
Than our priv'ledges tryin' to prune!" ses he.

"It 's 'cos they 're so happy, that, when crazy sarpints
Stick their nose in our bisness we git so darned riled,
We think it 's our dooty to give pooty sharp hints
That the last crumb of Eden on airth shan't be spiled,"
Ses John C. Calhoun, ses he;
"Ah," ses Dixon H. Lewis,
"It perfectly true is
That slavery 's airth's grettest boon," ses he.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1848.

The Standard—New Arrangement.

The Standard, for the ensuing volume, will continue under the charge of its present editor, with the assistance of James Russell Lowell, as Corresponding Editor.

Mr. Lowell's contributions will be weekly, and over his own initials.

Edmund Quincy, whose letters from Boston, are already known to, and appreciated by our readers, will continue our regular *Boston Correspondent.* A letter from him will be published every fortnight.

Our Dublin Correspondent, R. D. Webb, will keep us informed of the condition of Ireland, and the state of Europe generally, as heretofore by regular communications, twice each month.

We have the promise, also, of occasional letters from two well-known friends of the cause, who will leave this country on the 1st of June, for Europe.

With such a list of *regular contributors* to its columns, in addition to those who favour us with occasional communications, we are confident that the Standard will be worthy of, and we trust will receive, the hearty support of every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society. We are certainly speaking within bounds, when we say, that no volume, since its establishment, has been commenced under more favourable auspices. The engagement of Mr. Lowell, whose reputation as a poet, and a reviewer, is second to no other in this country, we esteem as a most fortunate one for the paper and the cause which it advocates. And it is not improper to say here, that the frequent quotations which are made from the letters of our Boston and Dublin correspondents, are the best proof of the esteem in which they are held by our contemporaries of the Press.

Two years since the price of the Standard was put at $1 *per annum*, in the hope of an increased circulation. The success of the experiment has not been such as to justify, in the opinion of the Committee, the continuation of these terms, in view of the increased expenditure involved in the new arrangement. The subscription-price, therefore, will be raised, at the commencement of the new volume, to its former rate of *Two Dollars per annum*, payable in advance. The new arrangement commences immediately, but the price will not be raised till the 1st of June. All subscribers who have *already* paid in advance for the next volume, will receive the paper, till the close of their year at the old price. All whose year commences *before* the close of the present volume, and who pay before the change is made, will receive the paper to the close of *their* year, at $1 *per annum.* But all who do not pay before the 1st of June, whose subscription commences at that time, and have not already paid, will pay the new price of $2 *per annum.*

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

This always interesting and highly important Convention will be held in *Boston*, commencing on Tuesday, May 30th, and continuing in session for three days.

☞ We are indebted to the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, for the following sermon. It is full of beauty and power, and we lay it before our readers with great pleasure. The author will accept our warmest thanks for the original copy of it.

—

Matth. xvi. 3.—Can you not discern the signs of the times?

—

There is hardly anything more rare than a correct discernment of the times, of the signs of the times, their peculiar marks, their characteristics. Indeed very sagacious, very wise men, have shown themselves ignorant of their times, utterly insensible to the character and importance of events, taking place perhaps under their very eyes, and proved by their consequences to be the greatest events of the periods in which they occurred, the beginnings of new eras, of changes affecting the whole history of the world. Striking examples of the truth of this remark are at hand. The Roman writer, Tacitus, is always and justly spoken of as the "profound" historian. And yet when, in his annals, he is telling how the Emperor Nero charged the early Christians with having set fire to Rome, a crime, which popular rumour at the time attributed to the Emperor himself, this profound historian speaks of the Christians as hateful wretches, and of Christianity as a deadly superstition. The brief passage in which this circumstance is related is pronounced by a leading writer of the present day, "as the most earnest, sad, and sternly significant passage that he knows to exist in writing." It discloses the vanity of human wisdom. It shows how little the wisest men of the time dreamed of the importance of that fact of their times, which is now proved to be second in its influence, to no event that has ever happened in the world. What the historian characterizes as a wretched superstition, is seen now to be truth, in the mighty power which it has wielded. It was destined even then to outlive and supersede the Roman empire, and to extend its dominion into regions then unknown. Again, in the year 1435, there was an obscure lawsuit going on in a German city, respecting a certain copying machine. It attracted no attention at the time, for the minds of men were occupied with great wars and battles between the French and English. But that copying machine was the printing press, which, as a recent historian remarks, was to change the condition of mankind. But no one then suspected that that work of human ingenuity was the mightiest engine that the wit of man could devise, that it was to determine the course of nations and ages. When our Pilgrim fathers, some two centuries and a half ago, landed from their frail vessel, the Mayflower, on the northern shores of this Continent, who saw then that in that vessel the fortunes of the civilized world were embarked, and that the voyage of that small company of exiles was one of the causes which are now shaking all Europe to its centre? Truly human wisdom is folly, and our knowledge is ignorance. If the wisest are thus at fault, it is no wonder that the generality of men are utterly insensible to the true character of their times, to those events, which are *marks* and *signs* of their times, distinguishing them from all other times. It is even so,—with all our abundance of information, with our fire-winged messengers, that come rushing over land and sea from all the four quarters of the globe, laden with tidings, telling us of everything that transpires at home and abroad, we do not understand the signification and tendency of events. We gaze with wonder. We thrill with vague and indefinable emotions, and eagerly seek to gratify our curiosity with the details of battles and revolutions, but we do not understand the position of things, or our own position and duty. We are mere idle spectators, looking on as if we were irresponsible strangers, at liberty to fold our arms, and to decline all participation in the course of affairs, and in the work which they summon men to do. But Nature, Reason, Christianity, all teach us that we are not independent of the whole, that we are living, active party of the whole, and have each his place to fill. "It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought," says one, "for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the meanest of us, have an end! What is done, is done; has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working Universe, and will also work there, for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time. But the life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose ulterior course and destination, as it winds through the expanses of infinite years, only the omniscient can discern. Will it mingle with neighbouring rivulets, as a tributary? or receive them as their sovereign?—Is it to be a nameless brook, and will its tiny waters, among millions of other brooks and rills, increase the current of some world's-river? Or is it to be itself a Rhine or Danube, whose goings forth are to the uttermost lands, its flood an everlasting boundary-line on the globe itself, the bulwark and highway of whole Kingdoms and continents? We know not: only in either case, we know its path is to the great ocean: its waters, were they but a handful, are *here*, and cannot be annihilated or permanently held back." Since these things are so, it is of unquestionable moment to every one of us that we should understand what we have to do, what our place is, what our relation to the great living, moving whole, of which we are a part. We must discern our times, what their wants are, what the duties which they devolve upon us. How are we to think? What are we to do?

It would seem, from what I have said, that it is a very hard thing for the wisest even, to discern the times and to adjust themselves to the wants and claims of the hour. And yet the great Teacher speaks as if it were very easy, as if it were a surprising thing that men in his day could not discern the signs of the times,—the grand, leading facts which, like signal lights, show us the path in which we should go. "You can discern," he says, "the face of the sky, and foretell the weather by the appearances of the morning or the evening heavens. Why can you not discern the signs of the times?" And that it was no very difficult thing after all to discern the times, the case of the disciples of Christ shows. They were poor men, uneducated, and of the humblest rank. And yet they understood the period at which they lived. The appearance of Christ himself, was the grand, leading sign of that period. It was not discerned by the wise, and the high-born, and the respectable. They looked upon him as an impostor, or a madman. They regarded him with indifference or contempt, as a person, whose existence even, was not to be tolerated. And accordingly they conspired to silence and destroy him. Had they understood him, had they appreciated the meaning of his words and of his being, they would have acknowledged and obeyed him, as the herald of eternal truth, as a messenger from the most High God. But what the wise and educated failed to perceive, the simple and the unlettered discerned; and happy was it for them. Discerning the signs of the times, and interpreting the words and the life of Christ, that they felt themselves bound to receive those words, and copy that life, they received new light and power, and became fountains of light and power to whole generations of their race. Previously they had lived in obscurity, engrossed with the humblest occupations. But seeing what times had arrived, and what the times had brought with them, they followed the lead of events, they received Christ as a prophet and leader from Heaven, they yielded themselves to his guidance, and so they were regenerated and became the teachers and helpers of this world. While the men of their day who were accounted wise and learned, not understanding their day, or what it required of them, were doomed to ruin and death. There is no bloodier page in history than that which records the overthrow of Jerusalem, and the sufferings from famine and the sword which befel its inhabitants, who rejected the counsels and warnings of Christ.

And now, my friends, at this very hour, if we only discerned aright the signs of the times, our personal, individual duty would be as plain to us as if it were written out in the sky. In our darkness and bewilderment we long for some one to come and teach us what we are to think and do. "Would to Heaven!" we cry in our hearts, "An angel would descend and point out our way." Angels *are* descending. The events of our times are as significant of our duty as if they were clothed in angel forms and spoke with articulate voices. Where, then, is the difficulty? Why can we not discern the signs of the time? Surely if the humble fishermen were capable of this discernment, we are so also. The very plain reason why men are at a loss to tell what things mean, why they overlook or misinterpret those facts of the time, which, if they were duly weighed and appreciated, would animate and guide them, is, that instead of looking around them by the light of great and eternal principles of Right, they take their own miserable little prejudices, interests, and passions for their lamps. We hear men every day, and we have heard them ever since we were born, talking about the *times.* There is no subject of conversation, scarcely excepting even the weather, more common than this. We hear them talk about *good* times and *bad* times. And we might infer, from the confidence with which they talk, that they really discerned the signs of the times; but we all know that by good and bad times, are meant simply good, money-making, or bad, money-losing times. Everywhere the times are looked at and studied with reference to this one interest, money-making. And events of the grandest character and of the deepest significance; events, calculated, in their relation to other and far higher interests, to waken the very dead from their graves, are considered simply and solely in reference to the prospect which they open to an insatiable and absorbing desire to accumulate property. Thus, does War rage? In any quarter of the globe are men, women, and children, fleeing with beating hearts, and white lips, and terror-striken limbs, from their dwellings, set on fire by the hellish enginery of battle? Is the earth red with human blood or strewed with mangled limbs, with the dying and the dead, presenting sights which, to look upon with our own eyes, would make our blood chill with horror? We pass lightly over these things—reconcile ourselves to them in some way or other as matters that must be—that cannot possibly be helped, and look only at the commercial effect of this bloody business. A war in this quarter, or that, will help our trade, and fill our purses. This is the way we interpret War, considered as one of the significant events of the times, as if this mighty universe were built up so grandly, with all its ever-acting and far-reaching laws, as if this wonderful race of man were here with its miraculous powers, its mysterious aspirations after a good which lies nowhere within the visible scene of things—as if all these things existed for no earthly or heavenly purpose but that the busy and greedy sons of trade should be heaped up to the lips with silver and gold. In like manner, are men and women, made all one, by the God who made us, to be free as we are, to pursue their lawful objects, restrained and forbidden by no mortal man, are they crushed down into the intolerable wretchedness of bondage, to be bought and sold like any beast of burden or household utensil, what touch of pity does it awaken in our hearts, if the forced and unpaid labour of these poor wretches helps to cover our backs and sweeten our food, and our comfort is only secured, and our wealth increased?

My hearers, when we make such a monstrous mistake as this, and wilfully persist in it, viz: the mistake of supposing that the fundamental law and ruling principle of all things is money and money-getting,—if we believe that this is the one thing for which we and all things else exist, what wonder is it that we cannot discern the signs of the times. How could we possibly discern them? How could we see the finger of Almighty God pointing straight to us the path in which we should go? We have no eyes but for our darling interests. Where this cannot be served, where loss threatens, we can see nothing but darkness, what though poverty should bring wisdom, and adversity, faith and hope and peace. These, the invisible treasures of the heart, these are all unreal to us. We do not honestly believe in them. They do well enough to preach about. But they are not substantial. They do not fatten and pamper a man as money will. They do not build him a fine house, and fill it with costly furniture, and load his table with all the dainties of the market. And therefore we put all these things, truth and justice, faith in God and eternity, the great spiritual facts and laws, which underlie all other laws and facts, and which are the prime interests of the Universe—we put them all out of sight. They are to us as though they were not. Where they lie, it is all void and dark to us. We can see nothing. And when this is our case, it is no matter how strong, or how enlightened, may be our understandings, how elevated our position, how abundant our means and stores of information; though a new arrival from the shores of Europe spreads out before us almost every day a panorama of the old world with its conflicting and struggling millions, we are as blind and as incapable of reading the signs of the times, to any practical purpose, as if the times had no spiritual or moral aspects, or as if we had been brought up and kept from our cradles, as ignorant as the most imbruted slave. The truths which the times are teaching, the duties which it is enjoining, may be expressed by passing events as plainly as the voice of Jesus spake in Judea, nay, as distinctly as the sun shines in the heaven at noonday, but we are as much at a loss to perceive those truths, and to understand our duty, as if there were no truth to be learned, no duty to be done. And all because all our regards are concentrated upon our own little temporal interests, upon the success of our efforts to get together as much property as we can. We are like a man who should go out to look at things, at broad, cloudless noon, carrying with him a lighted candle, utterly forgetting the great sun overhead, which is bathing the Hemisphere in its glory, and holding the candle so close to his eyes, or rather his eyes so close to the candle, that he can see nothing else, can hardly see even what will serve his own poor interest. If, perchance some whiff of Heaven's breath blows his candle out, his eyesight is gone too. And as none are so blind as those whose defect of sight is in the mind and will, (as a common proverb tells us) he gropes helplessly abroad in the clear daylight, and for him the sun shines in vain. What is it to him that the boundless heavens are all around him still, that the earth is still standing with its cloud-capt mountains and its teeming vallies, and that on every hand the riches of God are strewed. He cannot see the hand of the Divine bounty. He cannot hear the Divine voice, calling to him in tones, such as angels use, to join himself to the great brotherhood of the world, to weep with those who weep, to feel for the bound as if bound with them, and to rejoice in the struggles and hopes of long oppressed nations. He can tell when the sky is red in the evening, that it will be fair on the morrow, or when it is red in the morning, that it will rain, but he cannot distinguish the voice of God and of Duty, though it is echoed in the inmost recesses of his own nature by all the instincts of common Humanity.—Thus was it, alas! with the poor king who has just been stripped, in the twinkling of an eye, of all his power and glory, and driven a fugitive to a neighbouring land. He has come, no doubt, to believe that the well-being of the nation, whose leading men some seventeen years ago had placed him at its head, depended entirely upon the establishment and strengthening of his power. With this conviction, thinking only how he should keep himself and his family in the position they occupied, studying, day and night, how to aggrandize himself by wealth and powerful alliances, not only the signs of the present time, visible in the ever active instincts of freedom, visible in the very heart of the Papal dominion, visible in the wretchedness, and discontent, and starvation of the labouring classes—not only these signs of the present, but the signs also of the past, which his own bitter experience might have taught him to discern, were all lost upon him—and blinded by devotion to his own power—to his one selfish interest, he had no thought of the storm which was gathering all around him, until it broke over his head, and all his royal state, was, in a short hour, reduced to ashes. The signs of the times, he could not see, not because they were hard to be seen by one who looked for them by the sun-light of God's eternal truth, but because his whole mind was set upon an object, his own power, which, with all its importance, turned out not to be, after all, the main spring and wheel of the Universe. Again, the discussions which are going on in our national councils, composed of men who are elected to the places they occupy, on the presumption that they are wise men, who understand the country and the age, show very clearly that our public men, ready-tongued as they may be, respectable as they are, for their talents and acquirements, do not discern the spirit of the times. They can praise and honour the love of freedom at a distance, under a white skin, but it is a hateful fanaticism in their eyes, to be destroyed with fire and blood, when the very same thing shows itself under a darker complexion nearer at home. If they understood the tendency, the leading characteristics of the present age, if they saw how the whole world of mankind is struggling forward amidst darkness and light, amidst hopes and fears, and errors manifold, struggling to realize an improved condition of things, a better set of social institutions, if they saw, as they might, the Law and the Hand of the Eternal God at work, they would adjust themselves to the demands of the time. Instead of absurdly attempting to do battle with the mighty forces of Nature, and Truth, and Right,—an attempt as idle as to resist the thunderbolt, or to contend with the Atlantic ocean—they would be found in the van of this cause, so dear to God, the cause of man's simple, inalienable rights. They would be forward to carry out, to their broadest application, the principle which the whole constitution of things on this soil, has so explicitly recognized. But no, they cannot do it, because with all their acuteness and wisdom, they are blinded by an idolatrous devotion to the maintenance of their own state, of the wealth and ease, founded, as these are upon a violation of the plainest dictates of justice and of right. They cannot discern the signs of the times, numerous, and powerful, and distinct as they are. Whe

they cannot hear the voice of truth echoed as it now is, by nations, what will, what can penetrate their indurated sense and touch their inmost hearts. Methinks an angel from Heaven, or a dead man rising to life out of the grave, would fail to enlighten them, since they prove themselves insensible to these eloquent and pointed signs of our day.

For each one of us the present hour is momentous. The salvation of our own souls, private and humble though our position may be, depends upon the side we take, upon the sympathies we cherish, the opinions which we form, and by which we act. We are what we are, high or low, noble or base, living or dead, according as the force that is in us is called forth into life or action, or is allowed to waste away in the corruption of sensual ease and selfish indulgence. He that soweth to the flesh, and to the gratifications of the flesh, shall reap corruption. If we set our hearts on earthly treasure, and suffer not the claims of our suffering brother man to interfere with our pursuit of worldly success, our hearts will be subdued to the quality of the things on which they are set. We shall perish miserably, like that poor King in the ruins of our comfortable state. All religious faith, all blessed hopes, will die away within us, if charity, the divine love of truth and of man, is not cherished as the supreme and ruling affection of our minds. On the other hand, if we sow to the spirit, the spirit of truth and love and human duty, we shall reap life and power everlasting. We shall have truth in us, and it will be a light to our feet and a lamp to our path; and come what may, though thrones tumble into the dust, and wealth takes to itself wings and flies away, and, in the convulsions of society, the very earth is moved out of its place, and the mountains cast into the midst of the sea, our mountain shall stand strong in that peace of mind which passeth all understanding and which, as the world does not give it, it cannot take away.

Presidential Candidates.

The only thing we can conceive of which could prevent any given individual from becoming President of the United States would be his purchasing a copy of The Complete Letterwriter, and devoting himself to an enthusiastic course of epistolary composition. In one after another of the Presidential candidates, this epidemic displays itself and finally becomes fatal. As it is not so much the fashion in America, as in France, to elevate Men of Letters to public office, we find it hard to account for the foolhardiness with which the risk of this contagion is encountered. General Harrison, it is understood, was surrounded with the *cordon sanitaire* of a committee.—No prisoner in Spielberg was ever more cautiously deprived of the use of writing materials. The soot was carefully scraped from the chimney places; outposts of expert rifleshooters rendered it certain death for any goose (who came clad in feathers) to approach within a certain specified distance of North Bend; and all the domestic fowls about the establishment were reduced to the condition of Plato's original man. By these energetic precautions, the General was saved. At the next election Mr. Clay and Mr. Van Buren each contrived to make for himself a political winding sheet out of a single sheet of medium foolscap.

During the present canvass, Mr. Clay, like Mantalini, has committed suicide for the second time; General Scott has managed to drown himself in so shallow a thing as a hasty plate of soup; and General Taylor is in a fair way to dispatch himself by proving conclusively that his dispatches were done by somebody else. Mr. Hale, a man of strong common sense, though provided with writing materials *gratis*, has exercised hitherto an exalted self-denial. We have seen but two letters of Mr. Gerrit Smith's which might be supposed to bear upon his expected nomination for the Presidency. Both of them did quite too much honour to his head and heart to insure him more than a very limited vote. It seems to be generally granted that it is important for the American people to know as little as possible about their proposed candidate, and that the only feasible plan for them is to buy another pig in a Polk.

The title of General appears to be the first condition of availability. To acquire this crowning merit Messrs. Caleb Cushing and Franklin Pearce devoted themselves to an arduous apprenticeship in Mexico. The claims of General Tom Thumb, we understand, are strongly urged in some quarters. Indeed, to have had any connection, however remote, with military affairs, establishes a right to considerable influence in settling the question of the candidacy. General Taylor's charger formed a conspicuous element in the procession at New Orleans, and, as Heliogabalus raised his horse to the consulship, "Old Whitey," if not a candidate himself, may pay off the debt of gratitude incurred by his race by assisting his master to the Presidential chair.

Gen. Taylor's claims may be very shortly summed up. He is a General, slaveholder, and nobody knows what his opinions are. There is a good deal of strength in these qualifications, no doubt. As to his having employed bloodhounds in the Florida war, we think he displayed both wisdom and humanity, for it was a service much better suited to bloodhounds than to men. To those who raise objections on the score of his slaveholding, it is answered that he is a mild one, and that he was born and bred to it. Should it ever unhappily chance that any of his partisans find themselves in the larder of his Majesty of the Cannibal Islands, they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they will be chewed mildly, with a due regard for the claims of humanity, and by a person born and bred to the occupation. Mr. Abbott Lawrence has discovered striking traits of similarity between General Taylor and General Washington. But Mr. L. is a candidate for the Vice Presidency, and of course it would be expected that the bobs should express a high opinion of the kite which is to carry them up. There is one point of resemblance, unquestionably. The title of General belongs equally to both. But then Caleb Cushing is a General, too, not to mention Gideon J. Pillow.

Mr. Clay was formerly an available candidate by reason of his being the embodiment of the great American principle of Compromise. This new method of parting the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right, was to strike an apparently even balance between them, and make it as comfortable to the goats as possible by contriving to have the largest and best pasture on the left side. But latterly it has been found inconvenient to make even a compromise between right and wrong. The goats have broken through the fence, driven the sheep quite out, and established matters to suit themselves. Consequently we require a Tityrus adapted to the new order of things.

Mr. Woodbury has been spoken of as having a chance for the nomination of the Democratic party, but Mr. Charles Gag Atherton possesses so much larger claims, based on the same kind of merit, that it would be hardly fair to overlook him. However, among the great crowd of applicants, his being so *very* small, might lead to that result. General Cass also has been several times mentioned (by himself) as an eligible person. It is a proverb, at least as old as Montaigne, that the world is inclined to take people at their own valuation. In this case, General Cass would be an economical candidate to any party, as he has commonly offered himself very low indeed.

The Massachusetts Whigs have brought forward Mr. Webster. Had the great defender of the Constitution been endowed with a heart in any adequate proportion to his head, he would have been President before this. Men admire boldness even on the wrong side. It is this feeling that has given to Mr. Calhoun two-thirds of his reputation for ability. But men, sooner or later, learn to reverence courage on the side of right. Still better, they learn to trust in it. The posthumous honours paid to John Quincy Adams should give a lesson to our statesmen. The very People, whom, for their own sake, he had braved, proclaimed his ashes sacred. The people would be glad of a great man if they could get him.—When all are shams, they choose the biggest as the most meritorious. If they cannot have something perfect, they would fain have something as perfect in its kind as possible.

That Mr. Webster has a great intellect, it would be folly to deny. But the crisis demands not so much a maker of great speeches, as a doer of great deeds. Mr. Webster, it is true, has laid claim to the Wilmot Proviso as "his thunder," and, if we have come to that pass, that it is a merit in a man to be opposed to the establishment of Slavery in a new territory, we are quite willing to concede his claim. In his recent speech on the Mexican War, we do not remember that he made any allusion to his thunder except in saying that his opposition to new territory was not a "*sentimental* one," a phrase borrowed of Mr. Caleb Cushing, and of sufficiently notorious meaning. Mr. Cushing was paid for it by being deported to China. We confess that Mr. Webster's thunder seems to us very much of the same quality as that of Salmoneus in the old Greek fable. We fancy that if his pitch and tow thunderbolt were to be suddenly changed to the genuine article in his hands, no one would drop it more expeditiously than himself. Mr. W. is a great speaker, and has had occasions enough offered him to utter himself on the side of right, yet he has maintained a longer than Pythagorean silence.

But there is little profit in discussing the relative merits of different candidates. The successful one will probably be somebody of whom no one ever heard before, and whom no one will wish to hear of again. As long as the people continue absorbed in those two great ends of a rational being, getting and keeping, it will matter very little to the cause of Humanity and Right, who shall become tenant of the White House. There is, at least, a little malicious satisfaction in the thought that none of our great men, who have earned that title by great sacrifices of principle to themselves, have any chance whatever. Let us recommend to the study of all such, the following extract from John Wesley's journal, detailing a conversation between himself and a Chicasaw Indian. Wesley asks him, "How came your nation by the knowledge they have?" The answer of the savage is,—"As soon as ever the ground was sound and fit to stand upon, it came to us, and has been with us ever since. But we are young men; our old men know more; but all of them do not know. There are but a few whom the Beloved One chooses from childhood, and is in them, and takes care of them, and teaches them. They know these things, and *our old men practise, therefore they know, but I do not practise, therefore I know little.*"

The kind of knowledge which arises from the open and frank practice of justice, honour, and right, may be recommended as a safe prescription for statesmen generally, and for our own in particular. Certificates of its efficacy may be obtained from the French Provisional Government.—J. R. L.

The Anniversary.

On Tuesday morning the American Anti-Slavery Society, in accordance with the previous announcement, held the first session of their annual meeting in the Tabernacle, in this city. As most of our readers know the first meeting is that in which we are always sure of an audience, and which especially represents the Society to the country, as being the Anniversary, it is fully reported in most of the daily papers. This, we believe, gave universal satisfaction. Among Abolitionists, at least, there is but one opinion as to its excellence and highly interesting character. The house was crowded, more so, we think, than we have ever seen it on a similar occasion, and the large audience sat in almost breathless attention for four hours, excepting only a few stragglers, who, toward the close of the meeting, were too anxious for their dinners to have been detained had an angel spoken to them. The addresses were by Theodore Parker, Lucretia Mott, Wendell Phillips, and Frederick Douglass, and though differing widely in character, were all of the highest order, in the style of eloquence belonging to the different speakers. We shall give a report of their speeches in the next paper, as well as a full report of the proceedings of all the meetings. A larger delegation of Abolitionists is in attendance than has been present for some years.

Restitution of Slave-Property.—The most dignified of the two mobs which annually assembles at Washington have always given the go-bye to all petitions leading in any way to undermine the corner-stone of this Republic; but, as it will be remembered, the same body very properly and consistently accepted, not long since, and referred to an appropriate Committee, a memorial from Kentucky, of quite an opposite character. The memorialists prayed that further protection might be extended to all catchers of slaves who may be led, by the hunt, to any portion of the American Continent set apart, by the United States Constitution, as a preserve for this kind of game.

The following is the report of the Committee made on the 3d instant:

Mr. *Butler* reported from the Judiciary Committee the result of their investigations upon the general subject of the restoration of slaves to their owners by citizens or communities of non-slaveholding States, or by such States themselves as referred to said Committee in a memorial from Kentucky, which sets forth—

That a certain slaveholder of said State recently pursued a fugitive slave to the town of Marshall, in the State of Michigan—that in attempting to recover said slave at that place, the said owner was surrounded by a mob of some three hundred persons, about fifty or sixty of which were negroes, supposed, also, to be runaway slaves from Kentucky, and was, by said mob, prevented taking back said slave—was roughly treated by said mob, and by it compelled to leave the place, not only without his slave, but under circumstances of unwarrantable compulsion.

Mr. *Butler*, after detailing the circumstances of this provocation against the forbearance of the slaveholding States, recited the Federal Constitution, the compromises under which it was adopted, and particularly the compromise in regard to the question of Slavery, following up the general argument adduced in support of said compromises by a citation of numerous cases, judicial decisions upon them, &c. In conclusion, Mr. Butler recommended a bill on the subject, which was read by the Secretary.

Sec. 1. Provides that the owner of any slave escaping into a non-slaveholding State, in overtaking said slave, shall be empowered to apply to any Judge of the Circuit or District Courts of the United States, or to any Clerk or Commissioner of such Courts, to any United States Marshal, land register, or receiver, or postmaster, or collector of the Federal Government, whose duty on such application it shall be, on the oral testimony or affidavit of such owner of such fugitive slave, to give him a certificate which shall be a sufficient warrant to him to take said fugitive slave away as his property.

Sec. 2. Enjoins, that if any escaped slave shall report himself in any non-slaveholding State to any one of the aforementioned Federal officers, as a fugitive slave, it shall be the duty of such Federal officer to issue his warrant upon such information to any United States Marshal for the restoration of such slave to his owner.

Sec. 3. Imposes a fine of $1,000 on any person adjudged upon trial by prosecution before the United States Courts, as guilty of having carried off, or having aided in the escape of any slave from his rightful owner, &c. &c.—Report and bill ordered to be printed.

On motion of Mr. Atchison, 10,000 extra copies of the report, accompanying the bill, were ordered to be printed.

On the same day on motion of Mr. Hale, the Judiciary Committee were instructed to inquire if any, and what further legislation, is necessary to secure free coloured persons in the non-slaveholding States their rights under the Constitution and laws. Should there ever be a report, our readers may be sure of hearing of it.

Black Gratitude.—Hear! Hear! Hear!—After what the English Goverment has been doing for so many years in favour of the negroes, it is a curious thing to observe the gratitude of that race. Among the most violent, sanguinary, and brawling of the Chartists, who vehemently urged to march upon the Queen's palace, and attack and sack it, one of the foremost and most violent was a black scoundrel of the name of Cuffy! Here is a specimen of the thanks England will get from the blacks in general. When kindness and favour are shown to the base and the vile, the only use they will make of it will always be to turn around and abuse you. This holds good in every day life, and at all times.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Black ingratitude will now become an unknown or, at least an unnecessary phrase. Black, or coloured, or nigger gratitude, or better still, Cuffy gratitude, will forever after convey the meaning which heretofore has been implied by *black ingratitude.*

☞ An exchange states that the Hon. J. A. Black, member of Congress from North Carolina, who died recently at Washington, was a member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, (the Covenanters.) What does the Covenanter [Magazine] say to this? The editors of that publication keep themselves, and use their influence to keep their readers out of the Anti-Slavery cause, because some of those engaged in it do not exactly square with their notions of orthodox measurement. Have they nothing to say to their own *Church*—our society is not a Church—for holding within its pale, a man who, by becoming a part of the Government of the United States, has violated the very first principles upon which that Church was founded?

Mr. Hale.—The Lynn Pioneer is disposed to find fault with John P. Hale for denying in his recent speech in the Senate that he "made any aggression upon the rights of property in the South." The Pioneer forgets that the Senator from New Hampshire, the Liberty party Presidential candidate, is not an Abolitionist, and that he is no more to be complained of—though as much—for such a sentiment than John C. Calhoun or Henry Clay. We are glad, however, that our old friend Bradburn begins to find what sort of company he got into when he joined the Liberty party whose leader is not ready to assert that a man's title to himself is good against all others. The Pioneer quotes, by way of comparison, the following extract from a speech of Lord Brougham on a similar charge as that against which Mr. Hale was defending himself, and which is well worth copying, familiar as it is to everybody:

"Tell me not of rights; talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right; I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings, of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding, or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction *such* a claim. There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all time; such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the source of power, wealth, and knowledge, to another all unutterable woes, such it is at this day; it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man."

☞ We are requested to state that the P. O. address of J. S. Robinson, is changed to Van Hornsville, Herkimer county, N. Y.

Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. XXIX.

The Argument.—*The sorrows and sweets of Correspondence.—Old World and New.—Revolutions and Rascalities.—Abnegation of Comfort.—Contest in Arms and Impudence.—Modest wish.—What was never done in France under Louis Philippe.—Hopes of the Correspondent.—He condoleth with the unfortunate Dr. Bailey.—Labour in vain.—A Confession.—The true Washington Anti-Slavery papers.—Undeserved sufferings of Mr. Hale.—His Non Committal.—Third Party's pig in a poke.—Arcana of Independent Democracy.—Development of Secretiveness.—The Correspondent groweth didactic and a trifle dull.—He refresheth with a borrowed story.—W. W. Brown at Worcester.—His clerical functions.—Theological education.—Hell of Slaves and its inside and outside Devils.—Apt application to matter in hand.—Worcester Fair.—Its beauty and perfect success, &c. &c.*

Boston, May 6th, 1848.

It's a mighty fine thing, no doubt, to be Correspondent of a Newspaper, when one has something to correspond about; but it's another guess sort of matter when nothing *will* happen, and the *unnewsability* of the week, (or fortnight, as the case may be,) is as *observationable* as in Count Stickenmeyer's time. Indeed, the foreign news of late has swallowed up our poor American gossip, as Aaron's rod the divining wands of the magicians, (though our editors, as a general thing, are no conjurers,) and we feel sadly that our relation to the Old World is but a provincial one after all. Our little rascalities in Mexico look small enough by the side of the giant Revolutions of the Eastern Hemisphere. Who cares whether General Scott or General Pillow is cashiered? It would be some satisfaction, to be sure, to see the rogues fall out, if there were any chance of the honest Mexicans coming by their own again. But there's no hope of that.

Whether our success in arms will astonish the Europeans I don't know, but I don't think that they can well dispute the palm with us in impudence. Only think of our hoping that France may form a Government *like our own!* If we could get a National Government half as good as Louis Philippe gave France, it would be worth while to elect him the next President. In some of the remote States, as in some of the old French provinces, before they were *gerrymandered* into Departments, we retain some of our ancient privileges; but anywhere within the sphere of the National Government, we are in the gripe of a tyranny which Europe has never had to reject.—Louis Philippe has never sold his sons and daughters (except in marriage) as our Government permits at its seat. A Frenchman could not come from the South of France into Paris, and carry off another Frenchman and sell him into Algeria; nor, if a humane resistance were made would each partaker in it be fined twenty-five hundred francs. Nor would Algeria or Corsica dare to forbid legal process to run into their precincts, nor to condemn those pursuing it to infamous punishments.

I only hope that the same packet which conveys the Congress Resolutions of Sympathy, will carry the account of the capture of the seventy slaves, and of the debates in both Houses consequent thereupon. Poor Dr. Bailey! Unfortunate Dr. Bailey! To think that he should have so laboured in vain, and so spent his strength for naught, that the mob, even of Washington, should have suspected him of so manly an impulse as a participation in that flight would imply! Has he, indeed, been "booing, and booing, and booing," like Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, for so long a time, and to be taken for an Abolitionist, after all! He did well to assert that other Washington papers had published things about Slavery which he would not. I have been blamed, at times, for maintaining that the Intelligencer and the Union were *as good* Anti-Slavery papers as the Era. And here comes the editor himself, and tells us that they are *better!* But it seems that it was rather a frolicsome than a mischievous mob, after all, and was easily persuaded that it had mistaken its man, and sent about its business. But who believes that a genuine Anti-Slavery paper, conducted with a particle of spirit or independence, would have had one stone left standing upon another of its office or that its editor would have a breath of life left in his nostrils? Such a paper could not exist there for a week. But the Era's expectation of life, as far as these perils are concerned, is as good as that of any of its metropolitan contemporaries.

And poor dear Mr. Hale, too, how he has been badgered in the Senate! And, really, one can't see what he has done to deserve it. If there is a harmless, inoffensive, peaceable member of Congress, it surely is the Independent-democratico-third-party Presidential candidate. If he had been as demonstrative as Mr. Palfrey, or as uncomfortable and impracticable as Mr. Giddings, it would have been something. But after doing nothing, and saying next to nothing, and in spite of the "bated breath and whispered humbleness" of his disclaimers of knowledge or sympathy with the Hegira under discussion, to lay on the cart-whip as the drivers did, showed how determined they are to have no *sulks*, much less mutiny. It was an example of "moderate correction," such as the law allows, to let the other slaves know what they might expect. But we should remember, in speaking of Mr. Hale, that we have no right to expect Anti-Slavery action from him. He has never professed to be an Abolitionist, and stands as thoroughly non-committed before the country as General Taylor himself. To be sure, he permitted the Third party to nominate him, as he would the Whigs or Democrats, (if they should ask him); but it was as the Independent Democratic candidate, already in the field. Now, as to what the opinions and principles of the Independent Democrats may be on the subject of Slavery, I have never yet seen a man bold enough to define them. As the Third party did not venture to ask for them, perhaps it is nobody else's business. Mr. Hale may possibly know what they are; but he has kept the secret remarkably well so far.

But, in fact, every man who can go to Congress consents to tie his own hands at the threshold, and however good his dispositions, he is pinioned by his own consent. Witness even Mr. Palfrey's and Mr. Giddings's disclaimers of any intention to interfere with Slavery within the compromises of the Constitution. Which, of course, is all that Slavery need ask—for the Constitution is so contrived as to grant everything that can be desired for its preservation. Surely, it must be allowed that America has produced one work of art that has never yet been surpassed in all the annals of king-craft and priest-craft. The Constitution of the United States is, certainly, the masterpiece of diabolical ingenuity. Machiavel would have marvelled at it, and the Devil, himself, would be puzzled to better its badness. And yet the people themselves baited the hook, then swallowed it of their own accord, and for sixty years have suffered themselves to be led about by it sticking in their gullets. But I forget, I am growing didactic.

William W. Brown gave a very clever illustration of the attitude of the Anti-Slavery sticklers for the Constitution-compromisers, at the Worcester Fair last week. It was at one of the evening speakings, at the Hall of the Fair, and his predecessor, a Third-party editor, I believe, had ended his speech with a flourishing eulogium upon "the noble stand taken in the Senate by John P. Hale." Upon which, Mr. Brown followed somewhat to this effect:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I did not get up to make a speech, but to sing a song; but, before I begin, I will first tell you a story about myself. When I was a slave, my old master made a minister of me to preach to the slaves; and, as my theological education had been rather neglected, he gave me some instructions as to how I should preach. Says he, 'you must tell them that if they don't work hard, or if they try to run away, or steal from their masters, when they die they'll go to hell, which is a great pit, filled with fire and brimstone, where they'll burn forever and ever, with little devils tossing them about with little pitchforks.' 'But,' says I, 'master, can't they get out of this pit, and run away from these little devils?' 'Oh, no,' says he, 'for outside there stand great devils, with great pitchforks, who drive them back again!' Now," continued Mr. Brown, by way of Application and Improvement, "it seems to me that Slavery is the Hell in which slaves are tormented, and that the slaveholders are the *little devils* that pitch them about with their little forks. And then if they try to escape from this pit, there stand outside the *Great Devils* with their great pitchforks,—your John P. Hales and your John Davises, with their Constitutional Compromises,—to drive them back again!"

You may imagine whether it told, and whether he brought down the house or not. You have, of course, heard of the brilliant success of the Worcester Fair. It surpassed the expectations of its most sanguine collaborators, in its beauty, its result, and its stirring influences upon the city. The beauty of the proportions of Brinley Hall, in which it was held, was very favourable to the effect. Persons well qualified to judge from long experience in such matters, pronounced it the most beautiful Exhibition of the kind they had ever seen. And the result of a Thousand Dollars, considered in relation to the size of the respective cities, and in view of the number of days the Fair was open, would compare well with the success of the most prosperous of Faneuil Hall Bazaars. And as to the city of Worcester, it quite surrendered at discretion for the time being. But you have already had a partial, and, doubtless, by this time, a complete account of the whole matter from one better able and better entitled to give it than I. D. Y.

To Correspondents.

A. F. W. It went to Philadelphia, but will be safe at 21 Cornhill, this week.

W. M. We are doubtful whether, in the necessarily crowded state of our columns at this season, we can do anything with so long a communication in season to make it of any avail. But we will if we can.

W. G. His last package was received, and all the previous ones have safely reached us. He will accept our thanks for his kindness.

C. T. H. He shall not be deprived of what he seems so much to value. He need not trouble himself about the equivalent.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival of the Hibernia—Great Commotions in Paris—Rebellion Ripening in Ireland—Chartists Arming in Scotland—The Poles Revolted in Posen—All Germany in Anarchy—Insurrection in Saxony—Things in Italy—The Austrian Constitution—The Markets, &c. &c.

The Cunard Steamer Britannia arrived at Boston on Sunday. Her news is important.

of Ireland is full of preparations for rebellion. The trial O'Brien and Mitchell is still in progress.

Tom Steele has attempted to commit suicide.

In Scotland there is a great organization of Chartists. They have founded a "National Guard under Arms."

A reform meeting has been held in London: 40 members of Parliament participated. Cobden was one. Hume presided.

The Prussian Diet has been dissolved.

Berlin is agitated by the Labour question.

The insurgent Poles have erected entrenchments in Posen, and have an army 10,000 strong, with artillery. The insurrection does not appear serious. The Prussian commanders were disarming the Poles. Another report says the Poles number 22,000.

All Germany is in a state of anarchy.

In Baden the people have risen against the troops. A formidable revolt has occurred at Hesse Cassel.

There is an incendiary insurrection in the north of Saxony, which the Government have not been able to suppress.

Another battle has taken place in Schleswig Holstein, and the Germans had slightly the advantage.

In Hungary there is a strong movement to abolish the compulsory celibacy of the Roman Priesthood.

Trade at Vienna is entirely destroyed.

There is said to be a strong Austrian party at Vienna, waiting the opportunity to make a counter revolution and bring back the old state of things.

There had been fear of the operatives at Vienna, but the burgher guard had prevented any demonstration.

The new Austrian Constitution is published. The power of peace and war is put in the hands of the Parliament; trials to take place in open court and by jury; Judges to be appointed for life; laws to be proposed and sanctioned by the Emperor; Parliament to be assembled annually by the Emperor; freedom of speech, religion, press, petition, and public meeting guaranteed; free exercise of religious worship secured; all citizens equal before the law; two Houses of Parliament; qualifications to the upper, whose members are to be nominated by the Emperor, birth and large landed property; the lower to be chosen from all classes.

The Austrian Government has ordered the Jesuits to quit Lintz to the satisfaction even of the Roman Catholics.

The King of Sardinia attacked Peschiera, a strong town held by the Austrians, on April 13, but did not carry it.

Verona has been taken by the Piedmontese army.

The King of Naples has been compelled to issue a proclamation in favour of Italian independence union.

A revolutionary demonstration has taken place in Egypt. The Pacha promised Reform, and as soon as the people were quieted hanged the leaders.

Prince Metternich in England.—His Serene Highness Prince Metternich, accompanied by his Princess, Prince Richard, the Baron Chas. Hagel, and a numerous suite, arrived at the Blackwall Pier early this morning, by the General Steam Navigation Company's mail steamship Rainbow, from Rotterdam.

France.—We have received, says the *Liverpool Mercury* of April 21, the Paris papers of yesterday.

The regular troops were arriving hourly, and the public tranquillity had not been interrupted up to the hour the post left. Paris would be garrisoned by 40,000 regular troops to-day.

The *fête* to celebrate the fraternisation of the troops and the National Guards is to take place to-day in the Champ de Mars. Rumours are rife that an attempt is to be made by the Communists to assassinate M. de Lamartine, and the more enlightened of the members of the Provisional Government.

Alarming state of Paris.—On Sunday, Paris was in a state of great confusion in consequence of an attempt made by M. Ledru Rollin and the Communists to upset the Provisional Government. It appears that, on Saturday evening, at the sitting of the Provisional Government, very high words arose between the two parties, ultra Republicans and the more moderate members. M. Ledru Rollin was particularly energetic, and being opposed by M. Marrast, who saw that it was his firm intention, as well as of his more moderate colleagues, to respond to the general wishes of the nation, and proceed with moderation as otherwise nothing could ensue but civil war and bloodshed.

A warm altercation ensued, which ended in M. Ledru Rollin calling M. Marrast *un lâche*, which opprobrious epithet was repaid by a slap in the face. The other members then interfered, and prevented further violence; but M. Ledru Rollin, it is said, being convinced that the working classes were with him, gave the *mot d' ordre* for the display of physical force. Accordingly, on Sunday morning the organ of the clubs, the *Commune de Paris*, summoned all *revolutionaires* to meet in the Champ de Mars. The effect was, that the whole of the morning the Boulevards and streets were crowded with processions, making their way towards the Champ de Mars, but it was not till towards two o'clock that the alarm was taken by the Government.

At that hour the *rappel* began to beat, the shops were closed, and a universal panic seized upon the public.—The assembly of *ouvriers* in the Champ de Mars amounted to upward of 150,000 men; a consultation of delegates took place, after which the different trades, which were marshaled under distinct leaders, and marched in columns ten deep, directed their steps toward the Hotel de Ville. Among the cries were, "*A bas Lamartine,*" and "*A bas le Gouvernement Provisionaire.*"

The National Guard and the Garde Mobile turned out under arms when the *rappel* was beat, and have shown the best disposition toward the Provisional Government. They occupied the whole square of the Hotel de Ville, the Bourse, the residences of the Ministers, and the various public buildings. They would remain under arms all night.

The supposition is, that when it was found that the National Guard were out in great numbers, they thought it advisable to proceed peaceably.—All was quiet at the hour at which the post left, but crowds of workmen were still defiling in procession before the Hotel de Ville.

M. Ledru Rollin is, it seems, determined to prove to the world how accurate was the estimate which the late Mr. O'Conenll formed of his character when he denounced him to the Irish people as an enemy to the true cause of liberty, a tyrant in essence, and a man in whom no reliance could be placed.

From France we learn that the grand national festival to celebrate the fraternization of the army and the national guard took place as announced on the 20th, and was concluded by a grand military demonstration, the like of which has never before perhaps been witnessed.

The whole of the force under arms consisting of 330,000 National Guards and Gardes Mobiles, and 5,000 troops of the line fell into rank and marched round the Boulevards and through the city in military order, with drums beating and colours flying. The procession took eight hours in passing any given spot in the line of march.

The greatest enthusiasm prevailed and the most kindly dispositions were manifested toward the troops, the National Guards, and the Provisional Government. Up to the hour of post the greatest tranquillity prevailed, and there was no probability of that tranquillity being interrupted. It is considered that this demonstration will strengthen immensely the power of the moderate members of the Provisional Government.

The *Moniteur* publishes an important decree, levying a tax of 1 per cent, on all incomes derived from movable, imovvable or funded property.

Spain.—Madrid journals of the 14th, have arrived. The *Gaceta* publishes a drecree authorizing the Bank of St. Fernando to purchase all the silver of the Spanish mines.

It is said that the Duke of Montpensier had advised the adoption of a more liberal system of Government, which advice had so irritated Narvaez and Christina, that the Duke has been exiled to Seville for his pains.

Commercial News—Cotton, Corn, Provisions &c.—There has been less excitement in political circles during the last week, and trade although not active, has been a little more steady. The transactions in colonial produce continue limited, but the markets have assumed a healthier aspect.—Merchants are less anxious to realize, and in some instances improved prices have been obtained particularly for sugar.

The cotton market remains quiet, and the Corn trade has assumed a firmer tone, prices having advanced beyond our last quotations. The demand for all descriptions of Iron is still limited, and prices not improved. The accounts from Manchester and the Woollen districts of Yorkshire are more encouraging; a greater amount of buisiness is being transacted, and hopes are entertained that, ere long employment will become more general and extensive.

The stock money continues to accumulate, and is greater than for some years at this period. The rate of discount is still low, being 3 1-2 per cent. for the best bills. On the whole the prospects in commercial affairs have assumed a decidedly better appearance, and we consider that there are just grounds to expect that they will continue to improve.

Distress in Ireland—Eating of Human Flesh.—The following is an extract of the speech delivered by Mr. Reynolds, in the British House of Commons, April 11th, during the discussion on the bill to punish seditious speaking with transportation for seven years, or for life:

"All the towns of large population in Ireland were quiet and obedient to the law; and yet honourable members, who know no more of that country than of New Zealand, said they would vote for the bill because Ireland was disturbed. He denied the allegation as a libel upon his country. Let honourable members consider the distress that existed. Let him remind them that in Ireland, 1,000,000 human beings had sunk into their graves from starvation within 18 months. Let them remember the horrible case that within a fortnight had been brought before the Galway Assizes, in which a man had been convicted of sheep-stealing, and Mr. Dobbin, a stipendiary magistrate had applied in favour of the prisoner, on account of the extenuating circumstances in his case. One of his children had died of starvation, and the wife of the man had fed upon the flesh of that child before he had violated the law to procure food.—Mr. Dobbin, had caused the body to be disinterred, and the limbs were found picked to the bone. In that case the judge shed tears, and the jury shed tears, and the man was discharged. That case was an illustration of the widely spread and terrible distress under which his countrymen were suffering.

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Miscellany:* Dessalines and Toussaint L'Ouverture—An Episode in the history of Haiti; The Chartist Holyday; Thomas Babington Macauley; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

First Page.—The Fugitive Slaves—Debate in Congress.

Second Page.—The Debate in the Sennit—Sot to a Nussry Rhyme. *Communications:* Sermon.

Died.

In Boston, April 28, Julia, wife of S. A. Appleton, Esq. and daughter of Hon. Daniel Webster, aged 30.

In Charleston, (S.C.) April 27, Mary Oliver, wife of George T. Curtis, Esq. of Boston, and only daughter of the late Mr. Justice Story.

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Pearl	7.75 a 7.87½
BEESWAX.	
Duty: 20 per cent. ad val.	
Cuba. white per lb	—.— a —.—
American, yellow,	—. a 19—.2
BRISTLES.	
Duty, 5 per cent ad val.	
St.Pet'sbg, 1st sort lb.	.80 a 1.00
do. 2d sort	.30 a .40
Okatka, gray&white	1.37 a 2.50
Souchoy	50 a .65
American	45 a .55
COAL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Liverpool, Orrel.chal	8.75 a 9.
Newcastle, coarse	· a 7 75
Scotch	7.75 a 8.00
Sidney and Pictou	6.00 a 6 25
Anthracite, 2,000lbs	5.50 a 6 00
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4 yd	5 a 5½
do. do. 7-8	— a —
do. bleached	5 a —
do. S. I. do.	7 a 9
Sheetings, brown 4-4	6 a 8
do. do. 5-4	10 a 12
do. bleached 4-4	7½ a 10
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	8 a 10
do. fancy	6 a 12
Plaids	9 a 11
Kentucky jeans,	15 a 30
Satinetts	25 a 60
Checks 4-4	8 a 10
Cotton Osna. S. No. 1	— a 9
do. No. 2	— a 8
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	16 a 17
do. 14 a 19	17 a 19
do. 20 a 23	19 a
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Genesee per bbl.	6 37½ a 6.50
Troy	6 12½ a 6.25
Michigan	6.25 a [illegible]
Ohio, new	6.12½ a 6.25
Ohio round hoop	—.— a —.—
Ohio, via, Canal	—.— a —.—
Pennsylvania	6.00 a 6.12½
Brandywine	6.75 a 6 50
Georgetown	6.12 a 6 25
Baltimore c. mills	6.— a 6¼
Richmond c. mills	— . a —.—
do. country	6 12 a 6.50
Alexandria	6.12 a 6.
Fredericksburg	6. a 6.
Petersburg	6.— a 6 25
Rye flour	3.50 a 3.75
Cornmeal, Jersey	2.26 a 2.62
do. hhd.	13.00 a —.—
FISH	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Dry cod, cwt.	3.62½ a 3.75
Dry scale	2.50 a 2.65
Pickled cod, bbl.	3.50 a 3.75
do. salmon, tce	20.00 a 21.00
Smoked do. lb	— a —
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	8.62 a 8.75
do. No. 1 small	10.75 a 1 87
do. No. 2	5.75 a 6.00
do. do. North	6 75 a 7.75
do. No. 3 South	4.50 a 5.25
do. do. North	4.87½ a 5.00
Shad, N 1 Ct.hf.bbl.	7.00 a 7.00
do. No. 2	6.00 a —.—
Bucksp't. bbl.	7.25 a —.—
Mass. do.	—.— a —.—
Southern	—.— a —.—
Herring, pickled	4.00 a .
do. scale, per box,	60 a 65
do. No. 1	35 a 45
do. No. 2	28 a 33
GRAIN.	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Wheat, white bush	1.36 a 1.40
do Western	1.25 a 1.31
do. Southern	1 12 a 1.25
Rye northern	.73 a .74
Corn north'n & Jer	72 a .55
do south'n(weight)	53 a .—
do N O & West'n	— a ——
Barley, Western,	85 a .90
Oats, northern	43 a .45
do. southern	— a .—
do. New-Jersey	40 a 41
Peas. white	1.25 a 1.62
Black eyed 2 bush.	2.00 a 2.12½

FLAX	
Duty: 15 per cent. ad val.	
Russia per lb.	a —
American	8½ a 9½
FEATHERS	
Duty: 25 per cent. ad val.	
Foreign per lb.	81 a 90
Foreign A. A.	95 a —
Live, American	35 a 37
HAY—Per 100 lbs.	
North River in bales	51 a 60
HOPS	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
First sort 1846, lb.	5½ a 6½
LEATHER. [Sole]	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Oak per lb.	20 a 28
Oak Ohio,	20 a 21
Hemlock, light	14 a 15½
do. middle	13 a 14½
do. heavy	12 a 13
do. damaged	11 a 12
do. poor do.	7 a 8
LIME	
Thomaston per bbl	.75 a .80
LUMBER	
Duty: Timber and firewood, 20 boards, timber, &c. shaped for use, 30; do rough, 20 per ct ad val. Yard selling prices	
Timber w. pine pr.c.ft.	18 a 22
do. east'n scant or beams prM. ft.	17.50 a 20.00
do oak, cu. ft.	.25 a .3
do. Gr. Isl.W.O.	—28 a
do. O.scnt.pr.M.ft.	30.00 a
do. Ga.yel.pine (by cargo) per cub. ft.	—24 a
Plank Ga. yel. pine pr M foot	27.50 a —
Boards N.R.M.ft.cl.	35.00 a 40.00
do. 2d ql.	25.00 a 27.50
do. Box	14.00 a 14.50
Albany, piece	12 a .21
Plank Alb. pine	12 a .21
Laths E. by car.	2.50 a 3.00
Shingles bh. 18 in.	1.75 a 2 25
do. Ced.3ft.1stql.	26.00 a —.30
do. do. 2d ql.	24.— a 28.—
do. 2ft.1st ql.	18.— a 22.—
do. do.2dql.	16.— a 20.—
do. Cyprus 2d ql.	15.— a [illegible]
Heading W.O.pr.M.	45.— a 50.—
Staves W. O. pipe	50.— a —.—
do. do. hhd.	40.— a —.—
do. do. bbl.	30.— a —.—
do. R. O. hhd.	20.— a 30.—
PROVISIONS.	
Duty: Cheese 30; all other 20 per cent. ad val.	
Beef, mess per bbl.	7.75 a 8.75
do. prime	4.75 a 5.75
Pork, mess Ohio	8.25 a 8.37½
do. prime new	10. a 10.12
Lard	7½ a —. 8
Hams, smoked	8½ a —. 8½
Shoulders, smoked	9 a —. 7½
Beef do.	6 a —.—
Butter, Orange co.	18½ a —.21
do. West'n dairy	14 a —.16
do. common	— a —
Cheese	6 a —. 7
SEEDS.	
Duty: flaxseed, clover, and timothy, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Clover, per lb.	—. 7 a —.7½
Timothy, 7 bush.	14.— a 18.—
Flax, rough	1.— a 1.—
do. clean	—.— a —.—
TALLOW.	
Duty: tallow grease, & soap stuff 10 per cent. ad val.	
Rendered	9 a 9½
WOOL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Am. Sax'ny. fleece lb.	42 a 4
Am. full blood Merino	36 a 40
Am. ½ & ¾ Merino	33 a 36
Am. native & ¼ do.	28 a 30
Superfine, pulled, ctry.	33 a 35
do. do city	27 a 28
No. 1, pulled, country,	33 a 35
do. city	25 a 27
South Am. washed	16 a 21
do. do. & picked	16 a 18
do. unwashed	5 a 6
Africa	6 a 12
Smyrna	10 a 10
Mexican	7 a 9

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

Miscellany.

From Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

DESSALINES AND TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF HAITI.

BY JOHN WILSON ROSS.

A gentleman travelling, about a dozen years ago, among the picturesque but seldom-trodden wilds of the mountains of Cibao, in the interior of Haiti, stopped, at the close of evening, to rest his horse and refresh and shelter himself for the night, at a small inn by the roadside. This inn proved to be the property of a Mustee woman, about fifty years of age, who had formerly been a mistress of the first black Emperor of Haiti, Jean Jacques Dessalines; and who, on the traveller entering into conversation with her, told him some striking incidents in Dessalines' life not generally known. Her story, such as it was, is now laid before the reader, interlarded with other facts, heard from the natives of Haiti, concerning the Emperor's co-labourers, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Christophe, and others.

It is necessary to preface anything relating to Dessalines with some short account of the state of the island of St. Domingo before the breaking out of the Revolution in 1791. When the colonists elected themselves to legislative functions, on the dismemberment of France, the mulattoes, on account of their colour, were excluded from all share in the government of the island, though many were men of property, and of the highest education; and this, more than the slavery of the negroes, (as is generally supposed,) was the cause of those horrible events which subsequently occurred. A great many of the yellow people, leaving the colony, settled in the mother-country, and in Paris enrolled themselves into a society called "*Amis des Noirs.*" Those who remained in St. Domingo, devoted entirely to the race of their mothers, repeatedly expressed to the blacks their anxious desire to see them free. This conduct caused many negroes to rebel, and sundry mulattoes were, therefore, brought to trial, and executed.—Among the first of those who thus suffered, was Ogé. He had particularly endeared himself to the sons and daughters of Africa, by taking a very active part to procure their emancipation; and he had been long and early loved by Dessalines. On the morning that he was hanged, Dessalines was one of the throng of blacks collected on the Plaine du Nord to witness his execution. The poor negroes felt overwhelmed by the stroke of Ogé's death; one in particular, overcome by the misfortune, had broken out into a fit of weeping, when a short, stout negro, about forty years of age, with something very remarkable in his appearance, came up behind him and touched him on his shoulder. Looking up, the negro met the glance of the stranger's meditative eye.

"Why do they hang that man?" said the other, pointing towards Ogé.

The negro replied that he did not know, but he believed because the lawyers said that he had stolen, or, rather, got things that the negroes had stolen, and bought with them a small country-house.

"What, then?" exclaimed the other, in a commanding but stern tone of voice. "Do you not think that white men also buy stolen things? There stands your master; go and tell the constable, 'Run-hold-him-fast!' He knew you were stolen from your father and mother, yet he bought you. Well, if the black rascal is to be hanged for stolen things, I hope the white rascal will be hanged too, for the same thing—*when we catch him.*"

Uttering the last few words in a significant tone, he turned on his heel and disappeared.

It was Dessalines—a man—as the above speech is sufficient to prove him to have been—of a wild and flighty mind, but yet of a composed and melancholy behaviour. His spirits, at this period, were much relaxed by his heart resting entirely on the vague and shadowy, but strong and overpowering, hope of the independence of Haiti, and universal liberty.—He worked pensively at his tasks, and was at times unboundedly irritable—sickening with impatience at the delay of that relief for the negroes which he so ardently coveted. Whenever he was from home—and he was often absent from his master—he was rendering himself romantically intimate with negroes of similar dispositions; and to them he laid bare his whole heart. So time rolled on.

It was the noon of May-day, 1791, and the sun was blazing on the deserted quay which overlooks the bay of Cape Français. The sea-breeze was rustling through the foliage of the tall palm and cocoa-nut trees which shaded the pleasant Esplanade, and the gay tri-coloured flag was fluttering round the *Vigie*, or signal post on one of the summits of Morne du Cap. Suddenly a negro, of a highly intelligent expression of countenance, dressed in a linen shirt and trowsers, and carrying a basket of fruit on his head, descended the hill-side, from one of the pretty country-houses along the road to the village of Limbé. Arrived on the spacious and well-paved quay, he stationed himself under the shade of a tamarind tree, and, standing still for several seconds, examined every object carefully, when suddenly casting up his eyes, he saw on the roof of a small house, at the corner of the Rue St. Joseph, a middle-aged negro, short, stout, and with a strongly made frame, driving nails into boards, and hammering shingles on to the roofing of the edifice. Recognizing Dessalines in the black carpenter, he entered into conversation with him. He spoke of the hanging of Ogé, and of the breaking on the wheel of Chavane; of four thousand negroes rising and making a stand in behalf of their race against the French soldiers on the plantation of Monsieur Latour, on the plain of Cul-de-Sac; of two thousand more rebelling in the same cause in the parish of Mirelabbais, burning sugar, cotton, and coffee plantations, and killing the whites indiscriminately. "And now," continued the negro, "they are going to Port-au-Prince, to burn that also, and, as my master says, to 'grab hold of everything they can.'"

"So it is always," here exclaimed, in a fiery manner, Dessalines, who had hitherto been listening with patience to what his friend had been saying to him. "When black men go together in a body, the white men say they steal everything. Well; and the white men—Do they steal nothing? Your master, now, I will be bound, does not give you food enough. Say to him,—'Sir, you starve me; give me more.' He will tell you the American privateers steal all the vessels laden with provisions."

"He says so."

"Ay; and a very good story 'tis, when told twice or thrice, but, told over again and again, for a hundred times, who believes the truth of it? Your master is a robber of your provisions. Hearken!" continued Dessalines, striking the shingles passionately with his hammer, "if the American privateer every day steals the vessel with herrings and salt-fish, why does he never steal the vessel with the grubbing-hoe and the pick-axe, the saw and the hammer?"

A new light flashed across his countenance.

"There! I have done with the work of masters forever!" he cried, in a loud, angry tone, and tossing, furiously, his hammer into the middle of the street beneath him, and commencing to descend the ladder. "Come," said he to the other, "do you, too, leave your master's work, and join with me these black men who steal everything. And woe to the white men and the masters of St. Domingo!"

Early next morning, these two negroes having effected their escape from their masters and assumed (what is common among the blacks) their proprietors' names, which were Dessalines and Christophe, were climbing the sides of the lofty mountains, near the source of the river La Trouble, on the verge of the Spanish possessions. It was about an hour before daybreak, and the air was perfectly calm. Occasionally, a sudden and confused noise, like the shrieks of women and children, spread up from the neighbouring villages and plantations at the foot of the mountains. Suddenly Christophe stopped, and laying his hand on the other's arm:

"Hush!" said he, "Listen!"

Desalines (as we must henceforth call the black carpenter) listened attentively. Through the breathless air, sounds like the barking of powerful dogs, proceeding from a great distance, burst from the opposite side of the mountains.

"Here come bloodhounds!" he observed, in a subdued but excited tone of voice. "We are certainly lost unless we climb some tree. Here is a wild fig. In its boughs only can we hope for safety. Climb."

They clambered up into the tree with nimble agility, and reached almost the topmost boughs.—Scarcely had they laid themselves down straight on one of the vast limbs of the gigantic wild fig, keeping their heads against the bark, and entirely concealing their bodies from the sight of any one below, when some unhappy wretches,—a black woman with a babe in her arms, and her two sons, boys of about eight and nine years of age,—screaming from terror, rushed out from some bushes, in the attempt to run from the pursuit of bloodhounds, which, here hunting them down, flew at them with a hideous yell, and threw them on the ground; then growling in a dreadful manner, devoured their flesh from their bones. With their jaws drenched with gore, the horrid animals, then barking loud, and snuffing along the ground, came up to the tree, and stopping at the trunk, leaped against it, and howled for their prey. Presently their keepers and a body of French troops, armed with muskets, came to the spot, and seeing the motion of the dogs, looked up into the tree; and one of them discharged his musket into its branches. A second elapsed; then a few leaves and the musket-ball came rattling down about his ears, whereupon, with French levity, bursting into a peal of laughter, he and his comrades, chasing on the dogs, pursued their way, skipping through the long grass in their white gaiters. Dessalines and Christophe then descended from the tree.

"We have had a very narrow escape," observed Christophe, almost in a whisper.

"Come along," shouted Dessalines grasping the other by the hand with a wrench, and with his brow furrowed with savage frowns.

Down the back of the mountain they went, and in due time reached a sandy desert plain, which separated the French possessions from the Spanish Cantons; and here, finding assembled a multitude of negroes who had rebelled, they enrolled themselves among their number.

At that time the negroes had not united themselves into an organized body, but separating into small parties, hid behind hedges on the roadside, in the open country, or behind trees and rocks in intricate mountain passes, and rushing out upon every white passenger, barbarously massacred him. From this—as they resembled Italian highway-men—they acquired the name of bandits, which ever afterwards adhered to them.

In the week after Dessalines and Christophe had thus joined these black banditti, the estate of M. Flaville was fired; and on the morning of the conflagration, just as the sun was rising, the proprietor, in his endeavours to escape from the country, was galloping on horseback, at full speed, along the Chemin de l' Eglise, which leads to the bay de l'Acul. As he reached a winding in the road, Dessalines, with a number of companions armed with bludgeons, sprang out from a lurking-place in a thicket of bamboos, and, stopping the Frenchman, knocked him off his horse and murdered him.

"Ho! ça! mes frères!" cried Dessalines, brandishing his weapon over his head with a fierce gesture as he spake. "This white man is done for, Now comes the turn of M. Galifet, after him M. Clements, and then M. Bayon de Libertas. All these three white men bear no good will towards the black men. Let us go to their houses, burn their buildings, and deprive them of their lives. Huzza! mes frères, huzza!" And Dessalines, in his check-shirt tucked up over his right arm, dashed through the citron hedge by the road side, followed by his companions, shouting wildly. As he said, so he did.

That night the fires shells were sounding on the estates in the neighbourhood Roncooaw, while straggling lights were gleaming through the wood between Les Habitations Noé and L'Hericourt. It was the depth of night, and M. Bayon de Libertas, the *commandeur* (or manager) on the former property, was at the time in bed, but was soon startled from his sleep by the sounding of the shells and the shouting and shrieking of the negroes. The first object that met his vision was the glare of flames flickering against the roof and ceiling of his chamber. He sprang from his bed, almost beside himself from fear: just then his faithful negro, Toussaint, entered the room with tottering steps, and a voice broken by convulsive agitation:—

"Fly, Sir," said he; "for the love of Heaven fly. The bandits, who are on the estate destroying everything come to burn us out—to cut our throats.—Already on the adjoining plantation, have they murdered M. Clements."

"Haste, Toussaint; fetch me my coat and hat.—I will put myself on board of a ship and sail for America."

"It is indeed imperative, Sir," said the negro.

"Come with me, and I beseech you be cautious; for if the brigands see us, we are infallibly lost."

M. Bayon de Libertas, mounting a horse, galloped hurriedly down the avenue of limes, and crossing a canepiece, reached the hedge of citron trees which separated the estate of his employer, Count de Noè, from that of M. Joly, without meeting with any adventure. Then making his way through a gap in the fence, he got down by a steep bank, into a smooth, wide road, shaded, on both sides, by lime-trees, and occasionally, by palm and pimento, which led to the Bay de L'Acul; and accomplishing the distance before the dawn, put himself on board a a little schooner, and sailed for Baltimore, in Maryland.

When Toussaint saw his master embarked in safety, he passed through many cotton plantations and tobacco fields, and, reaching the summit of Morne Rouge, went back, across the country, to L' Habitation Noé. On his arrival there he found only the walls of the sugar-works standing; the large and elegant substantial stone-built dwelling-house smouldering in flames; scarcely a cane to be seen; and only a dozen or sixteen negroes loitering about their huts, the rest—about a thousand in number—having joined the bandits. Toussaint having now neither master to serve, nor estate to live on, bade adieu to L' Habitation Noé. Catching and saddling a mule that was loitering about the devastated fields, eating cane leaves, he retraced his steps, going toward Cape Français, with the intention of taking up his dwelling there, and living with some of his relations.—He travelled over a generally low and flat country, riding leisurely. On reaching that part of his journey where the Chemin de l'Acul and the Chemin de la Coupe de Limbè join by the river Sallèe, he was accosted by a party of bandits, at the head of whom (as usual) was Dessalines.

"Stand, you damned black rascal," shouted Dessalines, in a stentorian and authoritative voice.—"Where are you going to?"

"What is that to you?" was the rejoinder of Toussaint L'Ouverture, in an equally loud and commanding tone.

"Join us, or we murder you," said Dessalines. "But we wage not war against the blacks—only against the whites. Come, then, and join us, and you shall have everything you want, the houses and the wives, and the freedom of the white men."

"I care not for the houses and the wives," replied Toussaint L'Ouverture, "but only for the freedom of the whites."

A loud shout drowned the remainder of his speech and the bandits, gathering round him, bore him off in triumph, and carried him to the Haut du Cape, were the rest of their comrades were assembled, and where Toussaint L' Ouverture exchanged his whip for a sabre, becoming a soldier instead of a postillion.

It so happened that Toussaint L'Ouverture was an educated negro: he knew both how to read and write, and being a man of great ability, he soon placed himself at the head of all the bandits, and brought under control Dessalines, Biasson, and the most refractory of them. The rebels at this time amounted to upwards of 100,000; and this formidable force Toussaint rendered invincible, by organizing into an army. He gave military titles, and a particular kind of uniform, a blue coat with scarlet cuffs and collar, gilt buttons, gold epaulettes, and white gaiters and neckcloths, after the style of the French regimentals; and this gay and handsome dress doubtless induced many of the negroes, from their partiality to a gaudy attire to join the army.

The sanguinary war which then ensued between the blacks and whites lasted for ten years; and all efforts to vanquish the negroes proving ineffectual, the island was proclaimed independent of France on the 8th of July, 1801; and Toussaint L'Ouverture, who had liberated his country, and been the Commander-in-Chief of all the forces, was appointed Governor of the black Republic.

While he was in this height of power, his old master, M. Bayon de Libertas, hearing of his success in life, returned to Haiti, thinking that he might, under the protection of Toussaint, live safely on some property. Never was a man more deceived. Immediately on landing on the quay at Cape Français, he was captured by some soldiers drawn up in array with fixed bayonets, and marched in chains to the blacks' camp at Breda. He was there brought before a court-martial, composed of twelve black general officers, by whom he was condemned to be hanged the next morning. Meanwhile he was imprisoned in a dilapidated building, situated in the midst of a rich valley, and secured with strong iron bars. When left alone in his prison to night and darkness, he stretched himself out in silent agony upon his couch of dried sugar-canes, awaiting the coming of the morrow in despair. It was somewhat past the middle of the night, when his attention was aroused by seeing a slender black man, a little above the middle height, attired in a field-officer's uniform, descending into the ravine from the opposite side of the valley, from the blacks' camp. In the easy, and almost elegant deportment of the black General, he did not at first recognise his old slave.

"What brings you back to Haiti, my kind, old master?" said Toussaint L'Ouverture, as he stood before the iron bars of the cage.

"The quelling of the insurrection, and the hopes of dwelling on my old property protected by you, Toussaint L'Ouverture, from the violence and resentment of your brethren."

"It is not possible for me to do that. Even now, the greatest danger awaits you. To-morrow they mean to hang you; and if I attempt to save you, they will kill me. My brethren will have vengeance on all white men. Leave then this island this night; and bear with you the good wishes of a grateful heart, and one, who, though he has a black skin, knows how to do his duty."

"Noble Toussaint!"

"Thank me not. But quit this spot. Go to the coast of St. Marc. There is a ship ready to transport you to the shores of America; and, when you leave Haiti, never more return."

Toussaint L'Ouverture then unlocked the door of the prison, and, relieving M. Bayon de Libertas of his weighty chains, saw him depart in safety, and returned to the camp of the negroes.

The independence of Haiti was destined to be soon disturbed by the influence of foreign powers. Bonaparte, being then at peace with all Europe, turned his thoughts to the re-conquest of that island. Thither, with that object in view, he despatched 30,000 troops, and his brother-in-law, Le Clerc, to be Captain-General and chief magistrate of the colony. Toussaint resisted the authority of Le Clerc; and a proclamation was issued, declaring him an outlaw, and ordering all to pursue and treat him as an enemy of the French Republic. This corrupted the fidelity of his soldiers, and Dessalines proposed that some other General be promoted to the chief command, which was accordingly done; and the command of the army was transferred to him.

While Tousraint was thus deposed in his command, a little Danish schooner, bound from America to one of the small West Indian islands, was driven late in the afternoon, one day, by the violence of a hurricane, close under the wall of Cape Français, near the battery. Assistance was given by the soldiers, and the crew, being mostly Frenchmen, were carried to the fort, and the next morning conveyed to Breda. Among them was M. Bayon de Libertas, who had thus been unfortunately cast again upon the inhospitable Haiti.

"We must release these prisoners," said Toussaint L'Ouverture, when his old master and the others were brought before the court-martial; "for we make not war with the elements."

"They remain our prisoners," said Dessalines, "as if taken in battle."

"One of them has been here before," said Biasson, "and escaped, no one knows how. This time he must be removed to prison, and have a double guard to watch him."

"And be hanged at sunrise in the morning," said Dessalines.

The Generals rose and retired, except Dessalines and Toussaint L'Ouverture.

"If you are my friend," said Toussaint L'Ouverture, "you will not condemn these men. Save them from death; they are innocent. Grant me the pardon of, at least, one of them; he was my master, and kind and good to me."

"He must perish, to satisfy the army," said Deslines fiercely. "They must not say that favour is shown to any white man. He must perish, because he is white. His colour is his guilt."

"Oh! Dessalines, what can I say to this?"

"Nothing solid, I will own."

The dawn approached; and, meanwhile, during the night, there had been erected on a declivitous plain, between a small wood and the black camp, several gibbets. At daybreak, a number of people were assembled under them, for the purpose of executing the unfortunate Frenchmen. Toussaint L'Ouverture was sitting on the fortifications of the camp. He cast his eyes towards the plain on a particular gibbet; he saw the men adjusting the rope, and the victim standing under it; he could gaze no longer; he turned his eyes aside for a few moments, and, when he looked again, he saw the body of M. Bayon de Libertas swinging in the air.

A wild commotion of thoughts swept over his mind, and he yielded to its full influence.

"I have leagued with vice," he thought, "vice which destroys, but never spares life. Dessalines has no humanity, no charity. He has no generous feelings; none, none."

He bent his steps to the camp of Dessalines, and as soon as he was in his presence, cast his sword at his feet.

"General," said he, "that sword I drew in the cause of honour, but now I resign it; for I am the enemy of oppression, and will not be the assassin of innocent men. I am no longer your soldier."

At this period, a social circle of friends, consisting of generals, colonels, captains, and other officers in the blacks' army, were assembled at the house of Toussaint's old aide-de-camp, the black General, Chavney, at Port-au-Prince.

"It is very certain," observed one of them "that we all agree in one point—to defend General Toussaint with our lives and fortunes. Just now some men are rising up at Arcahay and Boucassin, and on the prairies between the mountains Selle and Mardigras, to restore General Toussaint to the confidence of the army. Let us place ourselves at the head of these worthy people, who have assembled in the General's cause."

This was universally assented to by the company, and in a week after, a rumour was afloat in Haiti, that there was an insurrection in the interior and on the west coast.

While this rumour was in circulation, one morning shortly after the breakfast hour, the Governor and Commander-in-chief of the Republic, Dessalines, holding in his hand a gold-headed cane as a symbol of his office, came out of a room in the Palace of Sans Souci, followed by a fat black officer of rank clad in a blue coat richly embroidered with gold, and having a long sword dangling at his side, and spurs attached to the heels of his Hessian boots.

"Go, aide-de-camp to the Cape," said Dessalines, "and tell General La Plume to inform General Le Clerc that I will come over to the French with all the Haitians, unless General Toussaint regains his influence, which seems very likely, as the negroes are rising in his cause. And tell General Le Plume to inform General Le Clerc—you hear me aide-de-camp?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"—to take prisoner General Toussaint, who is just now staying at L'Ouverture, his house at Gonaives, not far from St. Marc."

The aide-de-camp made his bow and exit from the presence of the Governor, and, mounting his horse, rode away at a full gallop toward the capital.

A few days after, in the dead of night, a French man-of-war, *L'Héro*, a 74 gun-ship, attended by a small Creole frigate, was standing in toward Calm Beach, near Gonaives. Troops immediately landed in several boats, and surrounded the house of Toussaint, while General Brunet and Le Clerc's aide-de-camp, Ferrari, entered, with a file of grenadiers, the chamber of the black General, where he lay wrapt in slumber. The French General demanded his instant surrender.

"I submit," said Toussaint, seeing his room crowded with armed soldiers, "but take not with me my feeble wife and my harmless child."

"They must come with you," said the Generals, sternly.

Toussaint, with his family, was hurried that night on board *L'Héro*, and the ship immediately sailed for France. On its arrival at Brest, Toussaint was conveyed in a close carriage, under a strong escort of cavalry, to the Castle of Joux, in Franche-Comté, and thence to Besançon. There he was immured in a cold and damp dungeon, and there, accustomed for sixty years to a West Indian climate, he perished for want of warmth and air, on the 27th of April, 1803.

This act did not gain Bonaparte St. Domingo.—Dessalines behaving with treachery, instead of joining the French placed himself at the head of large bodies of troops, and, renewing the struggle for liberty, succeeded in the attempt; and, Toussaint L'Ouverture being removed out of the way of his ambition, he was proclaimed, on the 8th of October, 1804, on the plains near Port-au-Prince, the Emperor of Haiti. But he did not long enjoy this exalted dignity.—Charles Bellair, a Congo negro, the nephew of Toussaint, rose up against him, and vowing that he would lay the "rash black villain," (as he styled Dessalines,) "dead at his feet," addressed numerous assemblies of negroes on the subject, and expatiated at the same time, on the virtues of his uncle. The negroes had feeling minds: they surrounded him and wept as they listened to him.

"When Massa General Toussaint was alive and in fortune, he gib-a we arl, and ebery one, ebery ting," they said.

"A hundred hands," exclaimed an enthusiastic old negro, named Cuffy, holding out both his hands to Charles Bellair;—"a hundred hands you shall have ebery day, Massa Charles, to kill the Emperor."

"We need but one hand," said Charles Bellair, "and that is Gattie's."

The negroes cowered on hearing that name; Gattie was the public executioner. He was a Chamba negro, who had come from Africa, where he had learned the art of taking off a man's head with one stroke of his sabre, and without staining the shirt-collar with blood. On account of his dreadful office he was feared by all his tribe, and shunned by them. So he lived by himself in a cave, in a thick grove of forest trees in the highest part of the mountains of Cibao, which are the loftiest chain of mountains in Haiti. He was seated at the entrance of his cave one afternoon, on a mound, boiling a kettle of pepper-pot, (the favourite soup of the negroes,) when Charles Bellair came to him. Gattie had on, as usual, only his trowsers, and the upper part of his body, from his shoulders to his waist being quite bare, exhibited a skin as black as a coal, and as sleek as a water rat's. A sabre slung by his side told his fatal duties.

"Good morning, Gattie!" "How day, Massa?" "I have business for you, Gattie." "Me glad to hear um, Massa. P'raps he to *bink* off some one's head, eh?" The other nodded. "How much you gib-a me, Massa?" "The victim's clothes—and very fine clothes, Gattie—and ten Joes." "By Gole!" "And it is the Emperor's head that you must strike off." "By gum! dat wort twenty Joes." "And twenty Joes I'll give you, Gattie. Come along. I will lead you the way, and when I show you that dog of a fellow, let me see your sword flash and his head roll to the ground."

Gattie rose to his feet with a low chuckle, perhaps at the other's emotions, or, more probably, at the mention of his own exploits. However, he followed Charles Bellair down the mountain side.

It was late in the afternoon of the 17th of October, 1807. The last gleam of twilight had just sunk into the obscurity of night. A deep silence reigned in the neighbourhood of Pont Rouge, broken only by the roll of drums and the peal of martial music. Dessalines, the Emperor, was advancing, in military pomp, to meet his advanced guard at Port-au-Prince. As he was passing the bridge over the river Cul-de-Sac, the moon was a good way up the horizon.—Peaceful and light clouds, blanched with her beams, rolled over her disc; and, darting snatches of uncertain light, she chased away, at intervals, the partial darkness which hung over the mountain tops. Before Dessalines, the forest, moved by the night wind, waved up and down in dark and crowded undulations. Many objects, diminished by distance, suddenly issued from the gloomy forest, and immediately lost themselves beneath the shadows of accumulated clouds which intercepted the moonlight.

"You see those people yonder?" said Dessalines, in his usual quick and hasty manner, to a General of his staff. 'Who are they?'

"They are your advanced guard, your Majesty," said the General.

Assisted by the moonlight, which struggled through some spongy clouds, Dessalines saw the body of men bearing onward toward him. In their speedy motions and indignant countenances he might have read his death-warrant. His looks wandered over their closely serried body, in anxiety, as he watched them form themselves in platoons, and slowly load their guns. The platoon then advanced, and halted within gunshot of him. He heard the word, "Make ready." In anticipation of the next order, he shouted aloud to them, and rode forward with amazing courage, to chastise them with his cane. He had nearly reached them, when a voice cried out, "Now Gattie, take your victim!"

A little black man, panting for breath, ran forward, his unsheathed sabre flashing bright in the moonbeam.

Dessalines retreated, speaking with desperate anger;—"Rebels, traitors, all!" he said—"do with me as you like; but bear witness, I die, as I have lived, a brave soldier!"

Scarcely had these words left his lips, when his head (taken off by one stroke of Gattie's sabre) rolled from his shoulders to the ground. He fell without a groan.

"The tyrant is no more. Rejoice!" said the Congo negro. "Now, on to St. Marc. We will make the good Christophe our Emperor."

The morning of the morrow dawned sunless on the scene of slaughter. The mutilated carcass of the Emperor was, meanwhile, consigned to the silent tomb. His fate created no sympathy among the people, the justice of his doom being universally acknowledged; and his murderers made no expiation for their crimes at a human tribunal. But Nemesis, who punishes, unrelentingly, all criminals—if not with her right, with her left hand—caused Charles Bellair to make atonement for his murderous deed, a few years after, by being shot to death, as a prisoner of war, in the Champs-de-Mars, at the back of the Grandes Casernes, or Barracks, in the city of Cape Français.

From Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.

THE CHARTIST HOLYDAY.

On Saturday, Sir Robert Peel was sworn in as Special Constable, to fight, if need should be, the Chartists on Monday. This simple, single fact, convinces us that Sir Robert Peel has already determined to make the Charter the new law of the land. Grasping his staff of Honduras—for Sir Robert always played the trump navvie with nothing less than a mahogany spade—Peel felt that "the Charter was henceforth the truth." Lord John must hold himself in readiness to retire before the "points" of his successor.

Since the days and nights of Waterford, there has not been so much of the aristocracy before the police magistrates as on Saturday. Like knights to a melo-drama, half the House of Peers rushed forward with "We swear!" Sometimes we are called upon to analyze the votes of the Senate; it would be no less instructive to analyze the oaths of the constabulary, vowed to defend the crown and their coronets with their own pensions thereunto belonging. We bow to pure patriotism, we make a respectful leg to John of Gaunt in flannels, eager to fight rebellion: but we have no respect for the combatants, when the denounced Jack Cades of London Stone are to be set upon by the Jack Cades of the Civil List. And it would not be difficult to select from the sworn of Saturday a list of illustrious special constables who, swearing to defend their sovereign lady, the Queen, instinctively associated with the oath the defence of sinecure and pension. Lord Mayor Walworth did not kill Wat Tyler with less satisfaction, for that the rebellious blacksmith had burned down certain stews across the private property of his lordship. The dagger of the patriot may have been whetted on the hearthstone of the pander.

Well, the Chartists have effected their revolution. It is not to be denied: for contempt in high places has been pulled down, and deliberation enthroned. The Chartists have commanded attention—and something more. Or wherefore, on the part of the Government, such mortal preparation? Lord John, if only flea-bitten, would not invoke Jove's artillery to destroy the instruments of so contemptible an annoyance. Nor the Ministry, in their excess of caution, acknowledged the deep discontent of the masses, Happily, Monday last, turned out a holyday both for the mob of the people and the mob of special constables. Loyalty enjoyed itself in a long day's contemplation of its own excelling merits; and Property, as the hours wore on, took heart, recovering from its early fright; and after supper, slept the sleep of security. The Bank was not attacked; the soldiers, through loop-holes and from behind ramparts of sand-bags, did not fire upon the multitude of thieves desirous of rewarding themselves with cash payments. The military quartered in private houses—for we cannot disbelieve the glowing tribute to their good manners printed in the *Times*—left in the bosoms of families the liveliest recollections of the urbanity and politeness of the cloth; and altogether, the fears of the timid oozed away in the most perfect good humour. With most people, the extreme of caution relaxed into something like a jest; and many, as special constables, not to be wholly idle, had no other resource than from time to time to revisit their own house, to cry to wife and family—"All's well." To be sure, a few who had made the fullest preparations—at some expense, too—to put down an unborn revolution, may, such is the perversity of human nature, have been a little disappointed at the general tranquillity. We have heard of a most loyal adherent of Church and State, somewhere on the banks of the Thames, who—believing that a party of Chartists would steam up the Fulham and carry off the Bishop of London and other valuable church property—mounted four eight-pounders on his grass plot to sweep the river. It is just possible that, for the moment, this good man may, a little sulkily, have ordered his artillery to be unshotted, instead of "whiffling the grape" among the piratical Chartists on board the *Moonlight*. "There's none of 'em broke, Sir," said Sheridan's servant, when he let the fire irons all among the clattering plates and dishes.—"'Sdeath, sir," was the good tempered answer, "you've made all this noise for nothing." Now no peace was broken on Monday; a great deal of noise was made for nothing; and very general indeed, was the good humour at the harmless result.

We are not among those who regret the proceedings of Monday last. True it is that there was one day's gap in the business of the metropolis; but we believe the good of the day far outweighed the disadvantage. We believe that the bills of mortality—if we may personify them—went to bed on Monday night in improved temper with themselves and their neighbours. We believe that the Chartists; the reasonable, temperate Chartists—for we renounce as traitors to truth and justice the foolish, misled men, who, in these days, talk of bloodshed as a means of political improvement—have gained ground. The question of the Six Points is now allowed to be an honest, debateable question. It is no longer associated with the visions of revolutionists. The common sense of the country is so reassured of its strength, that it can calmly discuss the boldest political speculations. We are convinced that the Charter has gained friends and advocates from among the very men who, on Monday last, took upon themselves the conservation of the public peace, threatened, as they believed, by either the guilt or the folly, or both, of knaves and false enthusiasts. The Charter itself is discussed in another part of this journal; and from Monday last, we date an awakened attention on the part of the middle classes, to the claims of political emancipation, advanced by their labouring brethren.

Hence, albeit the Bank was guarded—ball-cartridge, gun and cutlass, were served out to the patriot clerks of the Government offices—and redcoats took their temporary quarters in parlours, drawing-rooms, and attics of private houses—despite of the thousands of soldiers ready to be let slip upon the masses—despite of the artillery loaded to "disperse the mob"—despite all needful, perhaps a little more than needful, preparation was made for civil carnage—we joyfully contemplate the result of Monday, when an expected time of terror gradually broke into a social and political holyday.

From Frazer's Magazine.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULEY.

Mr. Macauley, in his personal appearance, and in the material and physical part of his oratory, contradicts altogether the ideal portrait one has formed on reading his speeches. Every man would, of course, have his own especial hallucination; but the chances are ten to one that the majority would have associated with his subject every physical attribute of the intellectual, investing him in the imagination with a noble and dignified presence, and especially with a voice fit to give utterence to those fine passages of declamation with which his speeches abound. The contrast of the reality is, in many respects, very striking. And nature has grudged Mr. Macauley, height and fine proportion, and his voice is one of the monotonous and least agreeable which usually belong to our countrymen north of the Tweed, a voice well adapted to give utterence with precision to the conclusions of the intellect, but in no way naturally formed to express feeling or passion. Mr. Macauley is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic disproportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body, and seems stuck on it as firmly as a pin-head.—This is nearly the sum of his personal defects, all else, except the voice is certainly in his favour.—His face seems literally instinct with expression, the eye, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks, or rather straggles, along the street, he seems as if in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind. You cannot help thinking that literature is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticism were a part of his daily and regular intellectual food.

In the House of Commons the same abstraction is still his chief characteristic. He enters the House with a certain polestar to guide him his seat, how he reaches it seems as it were a process unknown to him. Seated, he folds his arms and sits in silence, seldom speaking to his colleagues, or appearing to notice what is going forward. If he has prepared himself for a speech, it will be remarked that he comes down much earlier than usual, being much addicted to speaking before the dinner-hour when of course, his memory would be more likely to serve him than at a later hour in the night, after having endured for hours, the hot atmosphere of the house, and the disturbing influences of an animated debate It is observable too, that, on such occasions, a greater number of members may be seen loitering about the House. An opening is made in the discussion, and he rises, or rather darts up from his seat, plunging at once into the very heart of his subject, without exordium or apologetic preface. In fact, you have for a few seconds heard a voice, pitched in alto, monotonous and rather shrill, pouring forth words with inconceivable velocity, ere you have become aware that a new speaker, and one of no common order, has broken in upon the debate. A few seconds more and cheers, perhaps from all parts of the House, rouse you completely from your apathy, compelling you to follow that extremely voluble and not very enticing voice in its rapid course through the subject on which the speaker is entering with a resolute determination, as it seems, never to pause. You think of an express train which does not stop even at the chief stations. On, on he speeds, in full reliance of his own momentum, never stopping for words, never stopping for thoughts, never halting for an instant, even to take breath, his intellect gathering new vigour as it proceeds, haling the subject after him, and all its possible attributes and illustrations, with the strength of a giant, leaving a line of light on the pathway his mind has trod, till, unexhausted, and apparently inexhaustible he brings this remarkable effort to a close by a peoration so highly sustained in its declamatory power, so abounding in illustration, so admirably framed to crown and clench the whole oration, that surprise, if it has even begun to wear off, kindles anew and the hearer is left utterly prostrate and powerless by the whirlwind of ideas and emotions that has swept over him.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE SURREY THEATRE.—On Monday Mr. Alridge, a negro, performed the part of *Zanga*, and although the selection of such an individual looked like the parading a piece of reality, by having a real black man to represent the ideal character, and therefore seemed to be an insufferable piece of vulgarity, yet we thought it our duty to witness it. We were agreeably disappointed. Mr Aldridge is an undoubted negro, but is gifted with an intelligence of perception, dignity of action, and force of expression, that not only do honour to his particular race, but to humanity. He is not a great, but he is a very good actor. He reads with much feeling and appreciation of the author; and there is a force and vigour in his passionate enunciation that is stirring, and perfectly free from imitation or rant. He especially possesses a freedom of gait and natural dignity of movement, derivable probably from the unconfined nature of his early life. He has nothing of the savage, but his freedom from the petty manners of conventional training. He made as much of *Zanga* as it was possible to do of so wordy, blustering, and clumsy an *Iago*. He has a slight foreign accent, and his voice, like most of his countrymen, is thin in the upper tones. He immediately afterwards performed *Mungo* in "The Padlock," and with so much humour, and with such characteristic songs, that it gave universal satisfaction, and it is doubtful whether his *forte* be not rather comedy than tragedy. It is certain that he is a man of no mean amount of talent, and its range is considerable, as is proved by his clever delineation alike of *Zanga* and *Mungo*. He was enthusiastically received by a very excellent house, and we are quite sure that his complexion will be no impediment to his receiving the applause due to his merit.—*Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.*

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* points out that the doorkeeper of the House of Commons receives £874 per annum, while the Astronomer-Royal is paid £74 a year less; the Parliament messengers receive £300 a year each, more by £60 than the senior assistant of the MS. department, British Museum.

The *Madison Journal*, Louisiana newspaper, comprised on the 26th of November, 1847, an essay in praise of John Wesley, a morning hymn to the Creator, and James Hall's advertisement of his "pack of dogs to hunt runaway negroes!"

CONFESSION OF AN IRISH PEASANT.—Luke M'Geoghan, being at a confession, owned among other things that he had stolen a pig from Tim Carrol. The Priest told him he must make restitution. Luke couldn't;—how could he, when he had eaten it long ago? Then he must give Tim one of his own. No: Luke didn't like that—it would n't satisfy his conscience,—it wouldn't be the downright identical pig he stole. Well, the Priest said, if he wouldn't, he'd [illegible] the *corpus delictum*, Tim's Pig, would be brought forward against him at his final reckoning. "You don't mane that, father?" Indeed but the father did. "And may be Tim himself will be there too?" "Most certainly." "Och, then why bother about the trifle this side of the grave? If Tim's there, and the pig's there, sure I can make restitution to him then, you know."—*Monthly Magazine.*

The want of moral elevation and self-respect so conspicuous in Louis Philippe, from his very first *debût* as a monarch, was visible throughout his whole system of politics, and his manner of quitting the stage, when all was over, was quite worthy of the way in which he appeared upon the boards when first the curtain rose. In the month of September, 1830, I chanced to be passing through the Tuileries, and paused for a moment to observe the gaping crowd, gathered as usual beneath the balcony of the middle window. They had been waiting in hope that the King would appear, as he was in the habit of doing every now and then to show himself to the people, make his bow, and vanish. Presently, a *laquais de place*, all befrogged and bebuttoned, drew near to where I was standing. He was escorting a part of English, who seemed even more eager than the rest of the company to behold the new King, "Has he appeared?" said the *valet de place*. "Not yet," replied a bystander. "How long have you been waiting?"—"About ten minutes." "Ten minutes, and you are waiting still? I will show you how to bring him out."—Thereupon the impudent valet turned and shouted with all his might and main, "*Le Roi! Le Roi!*" a cry in which all the company joined lustily, and which was soon followed by the desired effect, for the King presently appeared upon the balcony and went through the usual form of laying his hand on his heart, swearing to maintain the Charter, &c. and then withdrew. Not so the *valet de place*, who remained with his party of sight hunters beneath the window, while the English gentleman at his head fished from his pocket the two franc piece, which had evidently been agreed upon for a sight of Louis Philippe. "Now would you like to hear him sing?" exclaimed the *cicerone*, as his prey was about to escape him by turning down one of the avenues of the garden. "How!" exclaimed the astonished Englishman, "Louis Philippe sing!" "Yes; if you like to hear him sing the Marseillaise, he shall do it directly; but the price is five francs." There was a whispering in English among the party—a look of doubt—an affirmation—a bet between the father and his son,—and finally the thing was agreed upon. Again did the *valet de place* shout out "*Le Roi! Le Roi!*" again did the crowd assembled re-echo the cry most loyally—once more did the King appear and proclaim his readiness to defend the Charter—and again was he about to withdraw, when the hoarse voice of the *valet de place* bellowed forth "*La Marseillaise, La Marseillaise!*"—and he began himself to scream the air in a discordant tone. The strain was caught up by the bystanders, while Louis Philippe leaning against the iron railing of the balcony, joined in it right lustily—beating the time with his glove upon the crown of the shako of the Garde Nationale which he held in his hand. I give you my honour that the scene took place exactly as I have described it. I was told afterwards the thing was common enough. For two francs the King was shown—for five he was made to sing! It was curious to observe the effect produced upon the English party I have just been mentioning.—The young ones laughed most heartily at the whole affair, while the father colonred deeply: and having flung the promised coin to the showman, walked away quickly, with a muttered expression of contempt upon his lips.—*Corr. Manchester Times.*

It was the author of Lacon who once said that it was with diseases of the mind as with those of the body: we are half dead before we understand our disorder, and hal cured when we do.

It appears, says the *Morning Post*, that independently of other attachments, Lola Montes is wedded to homœpathy. By her influence, it is stated, with the Bavarian ex-King, she procured for the Homœpathic Hospital of Munich an annual grant from the State of 4,000 florins.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.—It has been suggested to our friend, Mr Briefless, that his opinion would be very valuable on the question, whether a man who dies before he has settled with his creditors may be considered to have shown an undue preference, in paying the debt of nature before his other liabilities?—*Punch.*

"A married priest" advertises in the *English Churchman* for ladies who are willing to live in his house "by ecclesiastical rule," where "they will enjoy the privileges of the daily service and frequent communion;" and "be employed during a portion of every day in the schools, in visiting from house to house, or in other duties calculated to advance the cause of Christ's Holy Church, *under proper clerical and episcopal sanction.*" The terms demanded for these privileges are £50 per annum.

THE VALUE OF EVENING HOURS.—One of the best editors the *Westminster Review* could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of a London daily journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter on the *Times* was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the *Witness* was a stone mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee; another was a watchmaker in Banff; the late Dr. Milne, of China was a herd-boy in Rovnie; the Principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong, was a saddler at Huntley; and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India, was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the richest ironfounder in England, was a working man in Murray. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff; Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a labourer at the pestle and mortar in Montrose; Mr. Macgregor, the member for Glasgow, was a poor boy in Ross-shire; James Wilson, the member for Westbury, was a ploughman in Haddington; and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, in the Ultima Thule.—*Nonconformist.*

COTTON IN INDIA.—It is a new feature in the *Bombay Price Current*, to find cotton of the growth of India, from New Orleans seed, quoted as an article of regular produce, and maintaining a high value there. We understand that a shipment of this cotton is on its way to England, for Mr. John Peel. Mr. Shaw, the acting collector, and the strenuous and consistent advocate of the capability of various parts of the soil of India for the production of cotton of fine quality, from New Orleans seed, is now in this country; and from his great intelligence, long practical experience, and thorough acquaintance with what has really been done in India, we may expect further encouragement in reference to the culture of cotton in our vast territorial possessions in the East. Mr. Shaw is likely to be examined as a witness before the committee of the House of Commons now sitting on this subject; and it is not unlikely that he may visit Manchester.

MAKING GAME.—A foolish accident has prolonged the existence of the game laws another twelvemonth. They have been saved in consequence of a "dropped order." What that is, we do not pretend to say; but it must be something very funny, for all the members laughed.—Now, we enjoy a joke as much as anybody, but it strikes us that legislation is not exactly the thing to make fun of. If it is merely a joke, then we contend that we have a greater right to sit in the House than anybody yet returned, with one or two exceptions. If it is not a farce, then it seems strange to us why the throwing out of a most important bill should create such merriment. What is game to you, landed gentlemen, is death to others. Farmers, you must not complain of the reduction of your crops, for your representatives must have their joke, though it is at your expense. The partridges and pheasants still enjoy the Government license to eat where they please. The game of landlord has been won by a single trick. Tenants, you must pay the stakes, and hope for better luck, if not fair play, next year.—*Punch.*

The *Darlington Times* thinks that a remark made by John Wesley might be applied to the late Archbishop of Canterbury—"He died *wickedly* rich."

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